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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE Spa meeting will, we hope, take a first step towards the reconciliation of Europe. But the curtain-raiser at Brussels was a bad preparation. The indemnity due from the Germans has indeed been allocated with more or less finality among the Allies. In percentages France will have 52, Britain 22, Italy 10, Belgium 8, and Serbia 5 per cent., leaving 3 per cent. for Roumania, Poland, Japan, Portugal, and the rest. In Count Sforza's phrase dissatisfaction was distributed equitably, and the result was, of course, that everyone rose from the Barmecide feast conscious of an aching void, and resolved to skin the Germans to the finger tips. Indeed, it even seems that to please Italy, Austria is to be skinned, too. These percentages have little relation to the real losses of the belligerents. Belgium is relatively very prosperous, yet she receives priority over all the other Allies. None the less she fought hard for a full 10 per cent., and nearly split the Conference before she yielded to a proposal of Mr. George that her share is to be a first charge on an international loan. The first meeting with the Germans was very brief. It had been decided to discuss disarmament first, but the Germans, who had supposed that this topic was barred, had not brought their specialists with them. There was an adjournment, therefore, to allow of the attendance of the Minister, Herr Nessler, with General Seekt. No show of courtesy was attempted, and the Allies even omitted to shake hands with the German delegates.

THE second meeting was stormy. The Chancellor Herr Fehrenbach tried to impress the Allies by describing the difficulties of the Government, menaced from both Left and Right. He and his colleagues insisted that the possibility of disbanding half the Reichswehr really depends largely on the internal and economic

situation. At present the 100,000 men who would have to be dismissed would simply be added to the unemployed. Moreover the risk both of revolution and of counter-revolution depends on whether production can or cannot be restarted, and that in its turn depends mainly on the indemnity question and the treatment by the Allies of Germany's foreign trade. This reasoning, which strikes us as eminently rational, was brushed aside. Mr. Lloyd George thumped on the table, cut Herr Fehrenbach short, declared that the Germans confessed to a million men and two million rifles, and demanded precise facts, by which he meant definite pledges to carry out the various steps in disarmament by precise dates. It is not easy to hope much from this beginning, and we imagine that Mr. Lloyd George understands as well as anyone else that to-day the German Government may be too weak to carry out disarmament or any other unpopular policy. But it may acquire the prestige necessary for government, if it brings back from Spa some hope for Germany's economic future.

THE economic memorandum presented at Spa by the Germans as material for the discussion of the indemnity contains some very striking figures. It estimates that the national wealth of Germany has declined since 1914 from 220 to 90 milliards of gold marks. Taking together the present average burden of German taxation, and adding to it an annual contribution towards an indemnity of only £3,000,000,000, the memorandum shows that the average household would have to pay a burden under these two heads of £220. But in 1918 81 per cent. of the Prussian taxpayers had incomes of less than £150. The absurdity would of course be still greater if the memorandum had taken the indemnity figure which seems still to be contemplated—6,000 millions sterling. The facts are rather understated than exaggerated, for in spite of the present high taxation there is this year a probable deficit of 50 milliards of paper marks. Little news leaks out about the intentions of the British Government, but the French are declaring very loudly that they will never consent to leave the Silesian coal mines to Germany. As they provided one-third of Germany's pre-war coal supply, or nearly half her present supply, it would be idle to talk of any indemnity whatever if they are taken.

POLAND has sent her delegates to Spa with an urgent appeal for help to stem the Bolshevik invasion, which rolls irresistibly forward. There have been consultations with Marshals Foch and Wilson, and renewed demands for munitions and guns. Mr. Lloyd George, we believe, is resolved that no further help shall be given. But is it so certain that this is also Mr. Churchill's resolve? General Malcolm, the chief of his military mission in Berlin, has been visiting Warsaw, and the German papers state that German officers accompanied him, and that the object of his visit was to arrange German backing for the Poles. In view of this officer's

relations with the Baltic Corps last year, the suspicion is natural. Mr. Bonar Law's answer to a question on the subject was as shifty as is usual with this elusive man. The visit was one of "liaison," which seems to imply some connection between military problems in Berlin and Warsaw. The German officers, he said, may have travelled in the same train, but that was their affair. Poland is at last aware of her own extreme danger. The whole country is under martial law, and a Committee of Public Safety, composed half of Ministers and half of Generals, governs the country over the head of the Diet. There is no sign, however, that it has taken the only sensible resolution open to it—to withdraw to the proper racial limits of Poland. We are glad to see that the British Government has advised the Poles to restore Vilna and the surrounding district to Lithuania. The advice is good, but it ought to have been given a year ago.

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THE Labor delegation to Russia has brought home with it a priceless document, which exposes the details of Mr. Churchill's intrigues with the counter-revolution in the early summer or late spring of last year. It is a report sent by the "White" representative in London to his chiefs in Paris, and was evidently circulated widely, for the Bolsheviks found several copies of it at different captured "White" bases. General Golovin first describes, in regular conspirator's style, the need for caution impressed upon him when he wished to visit Mr. Churchill. In the end it turned out that Mr. Churchill was bolder than his friends, and the General eventually went to the War Office in full uniform. He first saw General Radcliffe and put before him a plan by which "under the cover of the Red Cross" Russian prisoners in Germany could be recruited for the White Armies. [This was actually done.] The General also agreed with him in regarding Estonian independence as "quite out of the question." Mr. Churchill began by explaining the difficulty of his position owing to "the opposition of the British working class to armed intervention." He had told Parliament that "fresh forces were necessary for the purpose of evacuating the North." He would send "under this pretext" up to 10,000 volunteers, and "postpone the actual evacuation for an indefinite period (but will not speak about it)." These forces are to help Koltchak on his left, if he advances, and "he does not reject the possibility of help to Yudenitch on the right flank." It was difficult to help Denikin with men, without a pretext, but 2,500 volunteers should go to him "under cover of instructors and technical troops," who, of course, will "fight side by side with him." He concluded with the assurance, quoted verbatim, "I am myself carrying out Koltchak's orders."

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THIS very damning report has naturally made a deep impression on the country. And yet it really tells us, from a new angle, only what we knew already. General Ironside gave away the whole plan for marching down to Vologda to join Koltchak, and then to Petrograd, in the columns of the local Archangel paper, in the course of an interview which was suppressed but not denied. Nothing stopped the plan save the fact that Koltchak retreated instead of advancing. The "Daily Herald" supplies another most amusing document in the shape of extracts from the diary of the Knox "mission" in Siberia. It appears that General Knox at first reported (after Koltchak's defeat) that further military success was impossible. Whitehall then invited

him to change his mind and send a more optimistic report. He did so, with the result that Mr. Churchill went plunging on with intervention, backed by this dictated opinion "from the spot." Another precious fragment shows him dictating democratic proclamations to Koltchak, especially on the land question, in order to impress Mr. George, when the result was duly telegraphed back to London. It remains to add only that the attempt to raise any of these issues in the House was frustrated by Mr. Bonar Law and the Speaker in concert. No day could be spared for discussion, nor was this an "urgent" matter calling for the adjournment. Mr. Churchill sat mum and muzzled during questions, while Mr. Law gave the curt reply that the Golovin document was inaccurate.

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So far the Turkish war, like the Polish war in its first stages, is going splendidly. The Greeks continue to win successes, and seem in a fair way to occupy the north-west corner of Asia Minor without much resistance. They may indeed soon be in Brusa. M. Venizelos, in high spirits, declares that he wants no help from anyone. It appears, however, that Mr. Churchill is really calling up 20,000 men for the Special Reserve. Is it for Ireland, for Mesopotamia, or for Turkey? Mr. Law's answer to the effect that British aid will be given to the Greeks only for the enforcement of the Treaty, opens the door to anything. The Treaty cannot be enforced till Mustapha Kamel is conquered, and he cannot be conquered till he is followed to his bases in Anatolia. That means a march of many hundreds of miles into nearly roadless country.

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THE Army Council, apparently at Mr. Churchill's initiative, have just escaped a great blunder. The blunder would have been the annulment by a Committee of Generals of the common finding of the British and Indian Governments, and of the two inquiries, one semi-official, the other Indian, on General Dyer's doings in Amritsar. We do not know why the Cabinet referred its verdict back to the soldiers at all, for the Army Council is merely one of its hands, and hands cannot undo the work of the head. However, there is to be no pronunciamiento on Dyer. The Council, being unable to acquit him of an "error of judgment," has decided that no further employment shall be offered him outside India, his Indian command having already been withdrawn. He is therefore retired from Army service, if not formally dismissed from it. This clears Mr. Montagu's path, and is at least a step towards reconciliation with India. Only it does not solve the problem of responsibility. Dyerism sprang out of O'Dwyerism; and what was done in the Jallianwala Bagh and in the flogging stations at Amritsar was less shocking than what was said about it by hundreds of British men and women, employed in the service of the Indian peoples. All we can say is that some balm has been poured into India's wound. It is altogether too soon to add that it is healing or will heal.

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It is a curious by-product of the war that the House of Lords has become Liberal for almost the first time in its history. In fact, it is to-day a far more Liberal thing than its old enemy, Mr. George. On Wednesday night, for instance, it passed against the Government a motion which must greatly embarrass them with the country, and which if the House of Commons had passed it must have led to their instant resignation. Lord Midleton's resolu-

tion, which he carried in face of the Lord Chancellor's almost weeping protest, by a very large majority—95 against 23—called on the Government to appoint a Commission, to "retire" some of its Wastrels Departments—the "war-born bureaucracies"—and cut down others. The ground for it was the fairly tenable one that since the war taxation has gone up from £3 10s. to £21 6s., and that industry cannot carry such a burden. The outlook is really much worse than this. On the Chancellor's "normal" Budget there is no equilibrium of revenue and expenditure. Its basis of revenue is certain to fall, and as for our capital assets, about half of them are probably worthless. The Government declined the commission, on the ground that it touched on their responsibility for policy, without, so far as we can see, making a single definite pledge of retrenchment.

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It is hard for a lover of America to hide his dismay over the Convention at San Francisco. The disunion, cynicism, and incompetence of Chicago gave the Democrats a magnificent opportunity. They were in no condition to seize it. They were quite as distracted and leaderless, and they fell as lamentably into the snare of the bosses. The Wilsonian influence was obvious from the first—notably in the party platform—save that in the League of Nations plank the President's supporters had to admit a reference to "reservations." But the delegates were not interested in the Treaty and Covenant: in Ireland, in Prohibition, and in personalities they were. Mr. De Valera failed, as he failed with the Republicans. Mr. Bryan did not get a "bone-dry" enforcement clause. But he enjoyed a resounding personal triumph and the Convention turned down the Wets.

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THE voting, continued to the forty-fourth ballot, can only be described as a course of chicane—apparently with little thought of public welfare or social responsibility. Three candidates only made any showing, and of the three Mr. Mitchell Palmer (understood to be the President's preference) had no chance. The close running of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Cox, to a point beyond the fortieth ballot, seemed to foreshadow a compromise candidate, but the tenacity of the Cox forces was rewarded, and the final vote for him was unanimous. If Mr. McAdoo were not the President's son-in-law, he would almost certainly have secured the prize. Mr. J. M. Cox is serving a third term as Governor of Ohio. He is a man of fifty, like his Republican opponent a pure Ohioan, a printer and a newspaper owner; as a politician, a plain Middle Westerner—almost unaware of the terrible post-war world. His record as State Governor is one of vigor and progressive action; an excellent Workmen's Compensation Act stands to his credit. His nomination must be counted a Wilsonian reverse. With Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, the able and popular assistant-secretary of the Navy, as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he may make a good fight against Harding and Coolidge. But a Republican success is as nearly a sure thing as it can be. "We are thinking of 1924 not of 1920," said one of its organizers the other day.

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OBSERVERS of the industrial movement, inside and outside the ranks of the unions, are wondering to what point the spiral race between prices and wages will go before the conditions become too acutely serious for any

more cynical indifference to them. Within the past six months the race has grown much more furious. New claims, with the inevitable compromises, which leave a just sufficient leaven of dissatisfaction to make further demands certain, crowd on each other. The Leamington decision of the miners is at once an example and a portent. One might have thought that when the coal crisis in the spring was averted there would be peace for many months. The Government clearly implied that in their view the advance they then conceded could be met out of the surplus profits of the industry. But the decision to increase the cost of domestic coal by 14s. 2d. a ton was a start towards relaxed control. The miners have only been stopped by Mr. Smillie's influence from retaliating with a wages demand meant to sweep up the whole of the surplus profits created by the higher price, and it is probable, in any case, that the request for the removal of the 14s. 2d. will be pressed in a half-hearted manner. Another coal crisis is, therefore, promised, and the voting and tone of the discussions at the Belfast railwaymen's conference suggest that when the miners get moving their colleagues in the Triple Alliance will be restive too.

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MEANWHILE the Government, more and more preoccupied with the European tangle, drift hopelessly in the industrial current. At last the country has glimpses of the close link between its home affairs and the Central European and Russian situations. The report of the Labor delegation to Russia and the discussion at the special Trade Union Congress will establish the full connection. The deputation brought back with it the certain knowledge that vast stores of wheat, flax, and timber were lost to this country in the devastation wrought by Koltchak, Denikin, and the Czechs last year. Not only were the stocks of the 1918 wheat crop destroyed, but the peasants of the Black Soil area were prevented from gathering much of the 1919 harvest, and owing to the requisitioning of horses and implements wide areas remain uncultivated. In return for this wheat Russia would of course have taken British goods. Now there are hints of coming unemployment. The Trade Union Congress, therefore, will certainly go for pressure on the Government for a complete reversal of European policy.

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WITH the failure of the Plumage Bill Committee to form quorums on Tuesday and Wednesday the Bill now goes to the bottom of the list, with the smallest chance of revival. The neglect of the Government to redeem its pledge to introduce a Bill last autumn; the apathy and mediocrity of M.P.s; the dishonest tactics of the opposition (there are only five in a Committee of 65, and they talk rubbish and deliberately stand outside the door to stop the formation of a quorum); the congestion and antiquated procedure of Parliamentary business are all responsible. The ordinary public is necessarily unaware of the extent of the lying practised by the trade in the Press (sometimes under false names) and in floods of leaflets (unsigned). These bird-protectors have been proved by a small library of official and scientific evidence to have practised unmentionable cruelties; to have murdered game-wardens vainly trying to save the egrets under their charge; to have corrupted natives with rum and opium—not to mention the employment of poorly paid child-labor. With such a record they can and do say anything. On women who wear birds in their hats the campaign against the trade has, we fear, had no effect whatever.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE BREAKING OF THE POLISH BARRIER.

THE Polish barrier is giving way. That is perhaps the most significant fact in the panorama of ruin which confronts the statesmen at Spa. They look out on a continent which has ceased, because of the war, the blockade, and the devastating peace to produce food and fuel enough for the needs of its inhabitants. They know that, whether from positive hope or from desperation, millions of this population have turned to red revolution as the way of escape. It may be a fallacious hope, but what other is there? One could reckon from the abnormal death rates of Central Europe, how many millions will die in the prime of life because of this peace. Before they lie down passively to die, they will try some of the expedients of desperate men. One need not listen at keyholes to hear this refrain at Spa. The Italian Count Sforza, coming from a land where the revolution has already attained its first success in forbidding the transport of troops to Albania, used it, we may be sure, when he pleaded for something more than ten per cent. of the illusory German indemnity. The Germans used it when they argued that with only 100,000 troops they will be unable to hold down their Spartacists. The Poles used it when they besought Marshal Foch and Sir Henry Wilson to come to their aid in the hour of defeat. If Poland is overwhelmed, as she may possibly be, before the summer is over, the Red Armies will be in contact with Germany, and the two races whom our Western capitalist civilization has schemed to bring under a crushing tribute to itself, will be in a position to help each other. A year ago, when Bavaria and Hungary went "Red" for a short period, Allied statesmen had a moment of alarm. They foresaw that Lenin's frontier might one day be at the Alps. With the Red army nearing the frontiers of Poland proper, the same spectre appears at the feast of percentages in imaginary milliards.

We do not, for our part, as yet regard the prospect of European revolution as probable or near. The will to make it exists. We imagine, indeed, that if Lenin had had locomotives enough to carry grain to Vienna and Berlin, and coal enough to run them, he might have had his European revolution for the asking at any time in the past eighteen months. It is the economic position which at once makes the case for revolution and prevents it. Central Europe knows that it would be blockaded, as Russia is blockaded, if it set up Soviets. The two millions of Vienna's population will die out, if the death rate continues to double the birth rate, in fifteen years. It would all be dead in fewer months than fifteen if the imported grain were to stop. Italy is on the verge of revolution to-day—or rather, feels hot enough to make a revolution if it offered a prospect of existence—largely because English coal costs £12 a ton on the Genoa quays. To solve this food problem Lenin would have to conquer first the grain-growing lands, and then the coal fields. He has got the Ukraine. If he could get Roumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Croatia as well, he might feed Vienna and even Italy. But those conquests would be useless without Silesian and Ruhr coal.

Even then the worst problem of all, transport, would remain. Lenin's difficulties are material. The third International would not be troubled by nationalist egoism. The deliberate starving of Vienna in coal and grain by Tchechs and South Slavs would be ended at once by the proletarian dictatorship. Whatever else may be its faults, it is free from the racial and national selfishness

which we display when we appropriate the phosphates of Nauru and the oil of Mosul. The frontiers would go down. There would be an equitable sharing out of all the resources, from the farm produce of Siberia to the coal of the Teschen mines. But the Russians cannot carry grain to Vienna without locomotives and coal. Robbed of sea transport and of all imports from overseas, Europe under the Third International, though it would gain much from unity of control and from the cessation of international strife, would lose on the balance. If Lenin could mobilize 50,000 locomotives as easily as he can mobilize two million men, he might possibly transfer his seat without much difficulty from the Kremlin to Potsdam.

The locomotives may be an insuperable obstacle. But we should not build too much upon it. If the Polish war is fought to the bitter end, we would not stake much on the survival of capitalism in Central Europe. Poland, as Marshal Foch learnt from Napoleon, is a grand strategical centre, though it is a miserable barrier. One can sally from it in any direction: the difficulty is to hold it. So far, not one fragment of reliable military news has leaked through since the war began. It is evident that the Poles, by their wanton aggression, took the Russians unprepared. Their rally was, for a nation which now possesses only the miserable relics of an always pitiable railway system, remarkably prompt. Their strategy, since they got their forces to the front, has been dashing and skilful. The net result is that the Ukraine is now entirely recovered for Russia, and it was the only stake worth fighting for. Over the more northerly borderlands the Russian advance has been less rapid. But it is not a prize of victory which any mind less elementary than that of a Polish politician would covet in its present state. It was thoroughly devastated by the Grand Duke Nicholas, and typhus has gleaned what he left to destroy. If the Russians are resolved to recover it, as we assume they are, their reason is that they consider it essential to make an end once for all of the menace of Polish aggression. We do not blame them. Poland has been an intolerable nuisance to all her neighbors. She involved herself in four wars before she was as many weeks old, and her ideal seems to be to wage as many wars as she has frontiers. We doubt whether any experience whatever will cure her of this habit, and when the Allies have finished disarming the Germans, or even a little sooner, we could wish that they would turn their attention to the Poles. In any event, if the Russians insist on recovering all their own border provinces, and in confining the Poles to the territory which is racially Polish, they will perform a service to the common good. We are not to-day particularly proud of the fact that we were the first newspaper in this or any Allied country to advocate the independence of Poland, at a time when the Allied Governments were all content to leave it under the Tsar. But we are quite clear that the Poles ought not to be left in control of any non-Polish race whatever. It is indeed a matter for deep regret that they have already so many millions of German and Jewish subjects.

What will happen next, when a few months or weeks hence the Russians do reach the frontiers of "Congress" Poland? Will they call a halt and make an easy peace? It will be the test of the precise character of their present ambitions. If their real aim is to reconstruct Russia, then they will not waste one superfluous week upon the Poles. The reconquest of this devastated borderland is not worth the locomotives which will be worn out in the process. A realist, which Lenin is, would not keep his army mobilized for one unnecessary week if he could get any sort of firm peace with



the Poles. Historic frontiers are nothing to him. It would pay him better to have his Red Guards mowing rye and cutting timber. He will reason in this way, one may be sure, if his master-object is to preserve the Russian revolution. If he deals easily with Poles, he may also make his peace with Downing Street. On the other hand, if his real objective, still in the foreground of his mind, be the European revolution, he will press on to Lemberg, and even refuse to pause until he has set up in Warsaw a Polish Soviet Dictatorship in alliance with Moscow. It would be a very risky adventure. The Poles have the qualities of their faults: they are gallant soldiers, better soldiers, probably, man for man, than the Russians. Nor do we think that masses of them would "go Bolshevik" spontaneously. Their Catholicism is deeply rooted, and they regard Bolshevism as a foreign doctrine, and what is worse, a Russian one. The subject minorities would welcome the Red Army at once and so would some of the starving town workmen, but the Polish peasants would become amenable only when the distribution of the big estates had begun. The forcible conversion of Poland to Bolshevism would be, in short, a very costly and uncertain, as well as an evil, adventure, and it would attract a cool strategist like Lenin only if he believes that it is worth a great sacrifice to get into contact with Germany—only, in other words, if the European revolution seemed feasible.

Is it feasible? The answer depends on the gentlemen at Spa. If they insist on their fantastic indemnities, if they make the recovery of German prosperity impossible, and the government of Germany almost impossible, then it might, even on a cool view, be worth Lenin's while to throw down the gauntlet, to cross the Rubicon (in this case the Bug) and press on to Warsaw. The French plan is apparently to insist on an impossible indemnity, and when it is refused, to occupy the Ruhr coalfield. That is a sentence of death to all North Germany. Cut off the Ruhr coal, and in a few months the death-rate of all its industrial towns would be as high as Vienna's. If the French are allowed to do this, they might as well themselves invite the Russians to enter Berlin. Such a threat would close the ranks at once, and we should see Ludendorff offering his sword to Lenin as Brusiloff did the other day. It would be the last chance for the survival of the German race, and it would prefer privation under the Third International to certain death under the Supreme Council. Lenin may be a fanatic, or his character may best be expressed in terms of calculation and moderation. The danger is in the featherheads and the firebrands at Spa. There are some hopeful signs, noted elsewhere by our correspondent, Mr. Van Oss, that they are not on top there. If they give the signal for world-revolution, Lenin will doubtless fill his part. But if they show a glimmer of sanity, the revolution, if only for want of locomotives, will stop at the Polish border.

#### AMERICA STANDS ALOOF.

If anyone imagined that America's active share in the last stage of the war meant an equal participation in peacemaking and restoration, the course of events must long ago have disabused his mind. The war left a broken and impoverished Europe unable to make a good peace, to get upon its feet and set to work. To such a Europe the United States might have been an earthly Providence, binding up her wounds, forgiving her debts, advancing her the supplies of food and materials needed to save her from starvation and to

restore her industries, and breathing hope into her dejected populations. Nay, more, the actual power of America was such that, by the exercise of her firm will at Paris and afterwards, she might have secured a tolerable peace and checked the renewal of strife. But the performance of this beneficent part demanded not only a great leader but an enthusiastic and united people.

Now the political sentiments of the two great American parties, expressed in the platforms and orations at Chicago and San Francisco, make it quite evident, not merely that America is unprepared to take up such a mission, but that she regards the plight of Europe with comparative indifference. The League of Nations is certainly an issue in the campaign; it is not *the* issue. Moreover, it is not a clear issue. Most Republicans are probably hostile to America's entanglement in any League. But a certain concession to the active interest in the project taken by Mr. Taft, Mr. Root, and other important personages, was expressed in a plank of the platform favoring some "international association." On the other hand, the Democrats insisted upon placing reservations to their endorsement of the Covenant. They had to conciliate the large elements in their party who thought the presidential committal too dangerous. Meanwhile, America is not in the League. She is still formally at war with Germany. She is taking no part in the momentous Conferences upon which the fate of Europe turns. And the probability, almost the certainty, of Mr. Harding's election next November will place the conduct of American policy during this most critical period of history in the hands of a party deeply committed by tradition and conviction to isolation and self-sufficiency. To believers in the League of Nations as the only way of salvation all this is most disconcerting. For America, through Mr. Wilson, lifted the League on to the stage of practical policy. Without her active and full participation it would be but half a League. Yet nobody can reasonably hope that Mr. Harding will urge his countrymen to carry out the international policy which his predecessor initiated.

Of even graver concern is the virtual refusal of America to initiate or co-operate in any large proposal for the financial and economic restoration of Europe. Charitable Relief Funds for Serbia, Austria, Armenia, appease the consciences of the sensitive minority. There is no realization of Europe's march to starvation, unemployment, anarchy. The Press (with rare exceptions) has done its best to conceal the European situation—or even to falsify it. America does not want to look at Europe, or to listen to her appeals for help. The passion and the sentiment of war-time have passed away and left a feeling akin to disgust. America wants to think the war is over and that good Americans may soak themselves in their own affairs, and let the outside world go hang. The great majority of Americans do not know or care to know the actual facts of the European situation. Even bankers and other persons with special access to good information are puzzled by the contradictory accounts poured into their ears by travellers and correspondents, and are disposed to set aside the graver reports as exaggerations. The result has been to paralyze the efforts which a few men like Mr. Frank Vanderlip and Mr. Davison have made to open their eyes. Recognizing that the urgent need was to restore the broken-down machinery of international credit and exchange, and that America, as the sole owner of unimpaired resources, must take the lead in such a task, a strong financial consortium was formed a year ago by Messrs. Morgan to raise 500,000,000 dollars from the investing public. This sum, supplemented by a grant

from the Federal Reserve Board, was to be applied to maintaining and promoting the export trade with Europe. The failure to agree upon the terms of co-operation with the Government's scheme prevented its immediate adoption. But financiers with a firm grasp of the situation and a confident belief in the importance of the export trade did not abandon hope of some substantial plan to furnish credits to Europe. Two legal measures, designed to help foreign trade, were passed by Congress: the Webb Act, exempting export combinations from the operation of the Anti-Trust Law, and the Edge Export Finance Act of last November, giving facilities for local trade combinations.

But neither charitable funds nor private mercantile efforts can do anything adequate. Fully effective treatment could only be applied by some such large international loan, under the joint and several guarantees of Governments, as has been advocated in these columns. A mobilization of the available surplus credit of the entire business world, built upon the contributions of investors in every solvent country, is the soundest way of dealing with the world emergency upon its monetary side. Had the League of Nations been brought into full life after the Armistice, its Economic Council should have been the body to which this task of financial restoration should have been committed. Failing this, it still seemed possible that the financial interests of the world, in their national groups, might have formed a plan for repairing the financial machine. It might seem that far-sighted self-interest and fear would combine to drive them along this road. And it is true to-day that in America, as here, intelligent financiers are profoundly alarmed at the prospect of an impending catastrophe. But they see no way of intervention. For effective intervention cannot be achieved by applying resources immediately disposable by bankers and financial houses. These resources are only available for short-time credits, and what is needed to meet the European demand is long or repeating credits, lasting over the whole period of economic restoration. Financiers could only provide their long credits through corporations able to induce the general investing public to buy their bonds or stocks. In other words, the real source of credits is the savings of the people. America is the only country where savings are made upon such a scale as to make this proposition feasible. But here we are brought up against an impenetrable psychological barrier.

American bankers and financiers insist that nothing short of the virtual compulsion of their War Loans would extract the necessary subscriptions from the thrifty public. And that is impossible. America will pay for war, but not for peace. There is a general agreement that the ordinary investing public would not look at any proposal of an international loan. The sober American investor has at hand a great variety of tax-free securities, State and municipal, in which to put his money at good steady interest, while more speculative minds prefer to plunge upon oil, copper, or other tempting propositions. Therefore America elects to stand aloof, disregarding the economic, as the political, emergency of Europe.

This is the present disposition of America, mourned by a few far-sighted and public-spirited men, who recognize alike the unwisdom and the final futility of isolation. For it is difficult to understand how any American administration can succeed for long in keeping the country out of internationalism. To do so it would have not merely to refuse participation in a League of Nations, but to

write off her vast lendings as a bad debt, to check her expanding foreign trade, to expend huge sums in military and naval defence, and to cultivate a closer pan-American parochialism than she has ever yet practised or contemplated. Such a policy is unthinkable. Paramount interests will impel America to take a part in the Society of Nations. The more the pity that she fails to realize the greatest material and moral opportunity ever offered to a nation.

#### THE PRICE OF MR. CHURCHILL.

"We are in the hands of an organization of crooks."  
—Lord Welby.

"The Government have earned, rightly or wrongly, the most lamentable reputation for want of sincerity. I have known a great many Governments, but never one with as bad a reputation for speaking the truth and acting sincerely as the present Government."—Lord Hugh Cecil on the Nauru agreement.

No one who has followed the course of Mr. Churchill's prolonged and indefatigable intrigue with Russian Tsarism will be surprised or even unduly excited by the publication of General Golovin's account of one of its episodes. There were bound to be a score of such incidents, and their story must more or less have resembled General Golovin's. An experienced angler will not fish for exact truth in such a muddy pool. He will rather look for what he will expect to find. When a British Minister opens relations with a "foreign agent" of adventurers in arms, he enters on a course of deception. He is promoting an undisclosed war, which involves not a policy but a gamble. If the adventurer does well he is avowed; if ill, he is denied and deserted. When the people hate the Minister's action and seek to thwart it, he is compelled to lure them on by degrees from one commitment to another. So when he cannot find his friends in troops, he keeps them in money or arms. When he dares not admit a campaign, he calls it a mission, and so that his commander may take advantage of any opening that occurs, gives him the widest possible latitude in the handling of troops. Most of these things Mr. Churchill did, and confessed to doing. Whether he expounded his plan precisely in the phrasing which this interesting legend attached to it, we neither know nor need to know. According to Golovin Mr. Churchill promised to send 10,000 volunteers to aid in the "Yudenitch business" under "pretext" of replacing our worn-out conscripts, and to support Admiral Koltchak's left flank. Well, he sent them. In Mr. Churchill's words (not Golovin's) they did "hold a left hand" to Koltchak. Their commanders were given "entire latitude" and "absolute discretion" to "manœuvre in this direction or that" (on the right to Yudenitch, on the left to Koltchak), and to call for all the reinforcements they wanted. The picturesque (but fairly direct) Golovin says that Mr. Churchill intended that this action should go on under the plea of its being necessary to withdrawal. The truthful Law, speaking for the unusually silent Churchill, denied this description. Our own comment is that if the House of Commons was cheated by Mr. Churchill's phrases into taking a roving expedition for a mere act of rescue, it asked to be deceived. Mr. Churchill is a master of evacuations; his career, military and political, consists of little else. The retirement from North Russia did not need tanks, poison-gas, and 10,000 volunteers. Half-a-dozen ships, or even a parley with the Bolsheviks, glad enough to see the back of the British soldier, would have sufficed, and

Mr. Churchill would have been free to add the crown of Archangel to the laurels of Antwerp and Gallipoli.

All this, as we have said, is mere illustrative detail. But it lights up the scene. The Russian policy is at an end. Of Mr. Churchill's plans and propositions about Russia, not one vestige remains but the graves of the British soldiers and the Russian men, women, and children whom they have slain, and the desert they have made of miles of the best corn land in Europe. In the speech (June 29th, 1919) in which he outlined the last of these attacks on the life of a Continent he promised that "streams of supply and demand" should flow to these islands from the great grain producing districts of Russia. What has happened? Denikin's savage levies have come and gone, laying waste a great part of the Saratov and Tambov Governments, from which British food supplies might have been drawn. And to-day Mr. Churchill's Bolshevik enemies are marching on his beaten friends, the Poles, armed with the guns and rifles and stores—"mountains" of them was the War Minister's phrase—which he poured, like oil, on the Russian conflagration, and are busy capturing the other British guns that he smuggled into Poland. Baku, Siberia, Murmansk, Archangel—every one of these names is a landmark in British dishonor and defeat. Yet at no stage of this policy were the nation told of anything that could be concealed from them. This monster even among wars has never been a declared enterprise of the Government. Throughout it has been an underground business, conducted, like the Golovin interview, between a disloyal Minister of democracy and this or that agent of "White" Europe. It was forced on Europe, when her peoples were sick of the very name of war, by men who, like Mr. Churchill, delight in strife. Now its sickle threatens to cut a wider swathe even than the destruction of 1914.

This is the danger, and the Golovin scandal will have done its work if it exposes its double root, moral and physical. Europe is food-short and work-short. As Sir George Paish shows in this week's "Ways and Means," there is a world-famine in things, and in the international money and credit out of which things spring and get increased. Since the war Europe's productive power has fallen by between 30 and 40 per cent. In cereal food alone it is over 3,000 million bushels short of its pre-war consumption, while its effort to get back even to its old standards (it wants much more) fights with a mass of old and new debts, a crop of new wars, an enormous increase in unproductive expenditure and a marked decline in the efficiency of labor. That is a fearful handicap for humanity, but still it is not an *impasse*. So long as man breathes, he can find a way out, if the direction of his energies is such as to give his extraordinary hopefulness and spiritual inventiveness a chance. But not under Churchillism. Not war alone, but a subsidised brigandage, has ruined economic Russia. Not war, but our blockade, has made Germany compulsorily idle, and robbed Europe and us of her contribution to the depleted stock. And Germany is not the only collapsed nation. Western and Central Europe are unfit subjects for an indefinite strain. The war destroyed the political system of ages, and dispersed its agents. But it has also laid bare the profound scepticism which a material life offers to man when it has robbed him of hope and faith. Both the political and spiritual structure of such a society is unadapted to sustain the shock of a rude idealism. Bolshevism, at least, believes; it is at once an intolerant and a missionary faith. As a

piece of State organisation it is obviously inferior to a prosperous and truly progressive Westernism, and could offer it no danger that half-a-dozen Cabinet-men of sense and goodwill, statesmen of the type of Gladstone or Campbell-Bannerman, and their French and German equivalents, could not reduce or avert. But that class is almost extinct; modern Europe is blest with a prestidigitateur or two, and nothing more. Therefore, what the nation must now realise is that men like Mr. Churchill, who lack the wit to feed and clothe Europe, and the moral sense to keep her politics decent, prudent, and humane, are not the people to stop Bolshevism, if it steps westward.

#### ALTERING THE UNALTERABLE.

*From a Neutral Correspondent.*

SPA, WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

At the close of the third day the prospects of the Conference look very much brighter than at the beginning. Portents were not encouraging; but by to-night the first lap has been covered, and what is perhaps more important, the first alteration in an unalterable Treaty has been made.

As they packed their trunks for Spa both parties snarled at each other from afar and as far as the Allies are concerned were none too affable among themselves. A leading Berlin daily threatened that the German delegates would at once leave Spa if they were not treated on a footing of absolute equality. And the German Minister of Finance had declared that his delegation went to this pleasant town with heads erect and not like cringing dogs. The Entente on the other hand once more laid stress on their absolute and unchangeable unanimity, which thus, by implication, was declared to be unaffected by Italy's sudden desire for a piece of the indemnity cake which, as we know, had already been neatly divided, but which had to be apportioned anew. Thus everybody seemed in a more or less sulky mood as he ascended the winding carriage drive leading to the stately villa which once harbored William II. The opening procedure did not improve matters. Nobody introduced himself to the Germans; no one tried to oil the wheels of the Conference with a little preliminary politeness. The table was horseshoe-shaped; that may bring luck, but a round table would have been even a better portent. Delacroix, Belgium's Premier, naturally presided. To his right sat the British, Italians, and Belgians; to his left the French and Japanese, and at the extreme end the Germans. The President announced the sequence of the subjects to be discussed, namely, disarmament, indemnities, coal, war criminals, and Dantzig. And each subject would be dealt with entirely by one delegate. That will prevent that general discussion upon which the Germans have set their hearts and based their hopes. As for the allocation of subjects, Mr. Lloyd George has disarmament, and M. Millerand indemnities. Cynical people see the cleverness of this arrangement. The Conference is sure to begin with an Allied triumph, and this triumph will be scored by the British Premier. That will make the man in the street feel less bitter concerning the coming and inevitable disappointments in the matter of the indemnities, a ticklish subject which the Prime Minister must have been very glad to leave to Confrère Millerand. Upon being informed of the mode of procedure, Herr Fehrenbach had to state that his Minister for War and his Chief of Staff were in Berlin. But he had telegraphed for them, and he asked to postpone the Conference until Tuesday, 4.30.

By seven o'clock on that day the Premier was



already in sight of a sure and easy victory. It might have been different had he met an adversary thoroughly versed in his subject. Such an one would perhaps have beaten him with technical arguments, bad ones if need be. The most adroit debater must generally leave the field to the man able to talk intricate technicalities. But Gessler, the German Reichwehr Minister, proved no foe-man worthy of the Welsh steel. He had brought maps and discussed the social aspects of disarmament. But the meeting lost patience and Mr. George a little of his temper. He pulled up Mr. Gessler, said they were come here to talk business, and asked what were Germany's plans and proposals. The Germans did not know, but were told to go to their hotel and come back to-morrow with a scheme. With jaded brains, for they had travelled the first night, gone to the Conference immediately upon arrival, and started formulating some plan directly after the meeting which kept them busy the second night.

At to-day's meeting the Germans had replaced Gessler by the able Simons, who apologized for the delay in disarming, at the same time explaining it by referring to the numerous unforeseen difficulties. Then von Seek followed with a bewildering mass of figures, culminating in a proposal for extending the time by which the army was to be reduced to 100,000 men until October, 1921. Mr. Lloyd George pointed out discrepancies between these German figures and those of the Allied Commission; he wished the Germans to meet the latter to-night to agree upon exact figures, but meanwhile remarked that the German figures themselves admitted the existence of one million armed men and of two million rifles still in the hands of civilians. That was far too much, and the proposed time was far too long; he thought an extension of the time limit by three months adequate, but after consulting his experts would let the Germans have the Allies' definite reply at the next meeting to be held to-morrow, Thursday, at noon. This involves a postponement of the other items on the agenda. The punishment of war criminals will be discussed on Friday, the indemnities on Saturday. Meantime, I hear the Allies were more disposed to realize Germany's difficulties in disarming and to meet her. Mr. Lloyd George seemed less hard than yesterday; though still firm he was more sympathetic towards them, and the same can be said of Millerand, who, after the meeting, received foreign journalists and addressed them. The better mutual comprehension necessary as a preliminary to agreement is, I believe, coming slowly.

To-morrow discussion of the indemnities commences.

Here the Germans have no definite proposal either. But they have prepared some statistics and a lengthy statement in which they point out a number of truisms, which I hear on good authority both French and English experts admit to be substantially correct. They embrace, amongst others, the statement that Germany can offer no fixed sum until she knows whether she will have free commercial intercourse with the outside world, whether she will have enough tonnage at her disposal, whether or not she will retain Silesia and its coal, how much the occupation will cost her, and so forth.

Let us hope this new problem of egg and chicken will not lead the Conference into a vicious circle. The hope that it will not seems justified. There is an undefinable yet persistent impression in the atmosphere that this Conference at last will settle many essential things, and that fairly soon. Optimists expect that the coming week will see a complete agreement on the main lines, with a reference of details to mixed committees or commissions. This expectation is mainly based on the hard fact that everybody yearns for a settlement, and all the subterranean news and views of which Spa is full lend support to it. The Treaty is indeed going to be changed.

And this brings me back to my opening sentences, in which I stated that the first breach has been made. Mr. Lloyd George himself has made it. You know the Treaty provides that Belgium is to receive out of the German indemnity two and a half milliards francs before anyone else. It is said that Mr. George, who made the journey from Brussels hither in a motor car, was struck with Belgium's evident prosperity to such a degree that at an inter-Allied confabulation held on Monday evening he proposed to alter this clause. I cannot vouch for his motive. The proposal is a fact. It caused consternation among the Belgians, to whose side the French rallied at once; they want that military alliance. But the suggested modification seems reasonable, because as things are it is very doubtful whether Germany's first payment will reach, let alone exceed, 2,500 milliards francs. Besides, Belgium is really prosperous, thanks to the good sense, the hard toil and the enterprise of her people. Anyhow, in the end, the matter was settled in such a way that besides its eight per cent. out of the indemnity Belgium will take its 2,500 milliards by degrees as a first charge on a big international loan. And so the first breach in the "unalterable" Treaty has been made very shrewdly, and it is the first step that counts. There really is hope that other changes will now follow. All hope is not yet lost. *Au contraire.*

FRED VAN OSS.

## IMPRESSIONS OF BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA.

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL.

I ENTERED Soviet Russia on May 11th and recrossed the frontier on June 16th. The Russian authorities only admitted me on the express condition that I should travel with the British Labor Delegation, a condition with which I was naturally very willing to comply, and which that Delegation kindly allowed me to fulfil. We were conveyed from the frontier to Petrograd, as well as on subsequent journeys, in a special train *de luxe*, covered with mottoes about the Social Revolution and the Proletariat of all countries; we were received everywhere by regiments of soldiers, with the Internationale being played on the regimental band while civilians stood bare-headed and soldiers at the salute; congratulatory orations were made by local leaders and answered by prominent Communists who accompanied us; the entrances to the carriages were guarded by magnificent Bashkir cavalry-

men in resplendent uniforms; in short, everything was done to make us feel like the Prince of Wales. Innumerable functions were arranged for us: banquets, public meetings, military reviews, &c.

The assumption was that we had come to testify to the solidarity of British Labor with Russian Communism, and on that assumption the utmost possible use was made of us for Bolsheviki propaganda. We, on the other hand, desired to ascertain what we could of Russian conditions and Russian methods of government, which was impossible in the atmosphere of a royal progress. Hence arose an amicable contest, degenerating at times into a game of hide and seek: while they assured us how splendid the banquet or parade was going to be, we tried to explain how much we should prefer a quiet walk in the streets. I, not being a member of the Delegation, felt less obliga-

tion than my companions did to attend at propaganda meetings where one knew the speeches by heart beforehand. In this way, I was able, by the help of neutral interpreters, mostly English or American, to have many conversations with casual people whom I met in the streets or on village greens, and to find out how the whole system appears to the ordinary non-political man and woman. The first five days we spent in Petrograd, the next eleven in Moscow. During this time we were living in daily contact with important men in the Government, so that we learned the official point of view without difficulty. I saw also what I could of the intellectuals in both places. We were all allowed complete freedom to see politicians of opposition parties, and we naturally made full use of this freedom. We saw Mensheviks, Social Revolutionaries of different groups, and Anarchists; we saw them without the presence of any Bolsheviks, and they spoke freely after they had overcome their initial fears. I had an hour's talk with Lenin, virtually *tête-à-tête*; I met Trotsky, though only in company; I spent a night in the country with Kamenev; and I saw a great deal of other men who, though less known outside Russia, are of considerable importance in the Government.

At the end of our time in Moscow, we all felt a desire to see something of the country, and to get in touch with the peasants, since they form about 85 per cent. of the population. The Government showed the greatest kindness in meeting our wishes, and it was decided that we should travel down the Volga from Nijni Novgorod to Saratov, stopping at many places, large and small, and talking freely with the inhabitants. I found this part of the time extraordinarily instructive. I learned to know more than I should have thought possible of the life and outlook of peasants, village schoolmasters, small Jew traders, and all kinds of people. Unfortunately, my friend, Clifford Allen, fell ill, and my time was much taken up with him. This had, however, one good result, namely, that I was able to go on with the boat to Astrakhan, as he was too ill to be moved off it. This not only gave me further knowledge of the country, but made me acquainted with Sverdlov, Acting Minister of Transport, who was travelling on the boat to organize the movement of oil from Baku up the Volga, and who was one of the ablest as well as kindest people whom I met in Russia.

#### THE RULE OF THE PROLETARIAT.

One of the first things that I discovered after passing the Red Flag which marks the frontier of Soviet Russia, amid a desolate region of marsh, pine wood, and barbed wire entanglements, was the profound difference between the theories of actual Bolsheviks and the version of those theories current among advanced Socialists in this country. Friends of Russia here think of the dictatorship of the proletariat as merely a new form of representative government, in which only working men and women have votes, and the constituencies are partly occupational, not geographical. They think that "proletariat" means "proletariat," but "dictatorship" does not quite mean "dictatorship." This is the opposite of the truth. When a Russian Communist speaks of dictatorship, he means the word literally, but when he speaks of the proletariat, he means the word in a Pickwickian sense. He means the "class-conscious" part of the proletariat, *i.e.*, the Communist Party. He includes people by no means proletarian (such as Lenin and Tchicherin) who have the right opinions, and he excludes such wage-earners as have not the right opinions, whom he classifies as lackeys of the *bourgeoisie*. The Communist who sincerely believes the party creed is con-

vinced that private property is the root of all evil; he is so certain of this that he shrinks from no measures, however harsh, which seem necessary for constructing and preserving the Communist State. He spares himself as little as he spares others. He works sixteen hours a day, and foregoes his Saturday half-holiday. He volunteers for any difficult or dangerous work which needs to be done, such as clearing away piles of infected corpses left by Koltchak or Denikin. In spite of his position of power and his control of supplies, he lives an austere life. He is not pursuing personal ends, but aiming at the creation of a new social order. The same motives, however, which make him austere make him also ruthless. Marx has taught that Communism is fatally predestined to come about; this fits in with the Oriental traits in the Russian character, and produces a state of mind not unlike that of the early successors of Mahomet. Opposition is crushed without mercy, and without shrinking from the methods of the Tsarist police, many of whom are still employed at their old work. Since all evils are due to private property, the evils of the Bolshevik *régime* while it has to fight private property will automatically cease as soon as it has succeeded.

#### THE PURITAN PARALLEL.

These views are the familiar consequences of fanatical belief. To an English mind, they reinforce the conviction upon which English life has been based ever since 1688, that kindness and tolerance are worth all the creeds in the world—a view which, it is true, we do not apply to other nations or to subject races.

In a very novel society, it is natural to seek for historical parallels. The baser side of the present Russian Government is most nearly paralleled by the Directoire in France, but on its better side it is closely analogous to the rule of Cromwell. The sincere Communists (and all the older members of the party have proved their sincerity by years of persecution) are not unlike the Puritan soldiers in their stern politico-moral purpose. Cromwell's dealings with Parliament are not unlike Lenin's with the Constituent Assembly. Both, starting from a combination of democracy and religious faith, were driven to sacrifice democracy to religion enforced by military dictatorship. Both tried to compel their countries to live at a higher level of morality and effort than the population found tolerable. Life in modern Russia, as in Puritan England, is in many ways contrary to instinct. And if the Bolsheviks ultimately fall, it will be for the reason for which the Puritans fell: because there comes a point at which men feel that amusement and ease are worth more than all other goods put together.

#### PLATO'S GUARDIANS.

Far closer than any actual historical parallel is the parallel of Plato's Republic. The Communist Party corresponds to the guardians; the soldiers have about the same status in both; there is in Russia an attempt to deal with family life more or less as Plato suggested. I suppose it may be assumed that every teacher of Plato throughout the world abhors Bolshevism, and that every Bolshevik regards Plato as an antiquated *bourgeois*. Nevertheless, the parallel is extraordinarily exact between Plato's Republic and the *régime* which the better Bolsheviks are endeavoring to create.

#### AN ARISTOCRACY

Bolshevism is internally aristocratic and externally militant. The Communists have all the good and bad traits of an aristocracy which is young and vital. They are courageous, energetic, capable of command, always ready to serve the State; on the other hand, they are dictatorial, lacking in ordinary consideration for the

plebs, such as their servants, whom they overwork, or the people in the streets, whose lives they endanger by extraordinarily reckless motoring. They are practically the sole possessors of power, and they enjoy innumerable advantages in consequence. Most of them, though far from luxurious, have better food than other people. Only people of some political importance can obtain motor-cars or telephones. Permits for railway journeys, for making purchases at the Soviet stores (where prices are about one-fiftieth of what they are in the market), for going to the theatre, and so on, are, of course, easier to obtain for the friends of those in power than for ordinary mortals. In a thousand ways, the Communists have a life which is happier than that of the rest of the community. Above all, they are less exposed to the unwelcome attentions of the police and the extraordinary commission.

#### AS INTERNATIONALISTS.

The Communist theory of international affairs is exceedingly simple. The revolution foretold by Marx, which is to abolish capitalism throughout the world, happened to begin in Russia, though Marxian theory would seem to demand that it should begin in America. In countries where the revolution has not yet broken out, the sole duty of a Communist is to hasten its advent. Agreements with capitalist States can only be make-shifts, and can never amount on either side to a sincere peace. No real good can come to any country without a bloody revolution: English Labor men may fancy that a peaceful evolution is possible, but they will find their mistake. Lenin told me that he hopes to see a Labor Government in England, and would wish his supporters to work for it, but solely in order that the futility of Parliamentaryism may be conclusively demonstrated to the British working man. Nothing will do any real good except the arming of the proletariat and the disarming of the *bourgeoisie*. Those who preach anything else are social traitors or deluded fools.

#### EVILS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY THEORY.

For my part, after weighing this theory carefully, and after admitting the whole of its indictment of *bourgeois* capitalism, I find myself definitely and strongly opposed to it. The Third International is an organization which exists to promote the class-war and to hasten the advent of revolution everywhere. My objection is not that capitalism is less bad than the Bolsheviks believe, but that Socialism is less good, at any rate in the form which can be brought about by war. The evils of war, especially of civil war, are certain and very great; the gains to be achieved by victory are problematical. In the course of a desperate struggle, the heritage of civilization is likely to be lost, while hatred, suspicion, and cruelty become normal in the relations of human beings. In order to succeed in war, a concentration of power is necessary, and from concentration of power the very same evils flow as from the capitalist concentration of wealth. For these reasons chiefly, I cannot support any movement which aims at world revolution. The damage to civilization done by revolution in one country may be repaired by the influence of another in which there has been no revolution; but in a universal cataclysm civilization might go under for a thousand years. But while I cannot advocate world revolution, I cannot escape from the conclusion that the Governments of the leading capitalist countries are doing everything to bring it about. Abuse of our power against Germany, Russia, and India (to say nothing of any other countries) may well bring about our downfall, and produce those very evils which the enemies of Bolshevism most dread.

#### LENIN AS INTERNATIONALIST.

The true Communist is thoroughly international. Lenin, for example, so far as I could judge, is not more concerned with the interests of Russia than with those of other countries; Russia is, at the moment, the protagonist of the social revolution, and, as such, valuable to the world, but Lenin would sacrifice Russia rather than the revolution, if the alternative should ever arise. This is the orthodox attitude, and is no doubt genuine in many of the leaders. But nationalism is natural and instinctive; through pride in the revolution, it grows again even in the breasts of Communists. Through the Polish war, the Bolsheviks have acquired the support of national feeling, and their position in the country has been immensely strengthened.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF BOLSHEVISM.

The only time I saw Trotsky was at the Opera in Moscow. The British Labor Delegation were occupying what had been the Tsar's box. After speaking with us in the ante-chamber, he stepped to the front of the box and stood with folded arms while the house cheered itself hoarse. Then he spoke a few sentences, short and sharp, with military precision, winding up by calling for "three cheers for our brave fellows at the front," to which the audience responded as a London audience would have responded in the autumn of 1914. Trotsky and the Red Army undoubtedly now have behind them a great body of nationalist sentiment. The reconquest of Asiatic Russia has even revived what is essentially an imperialist way of feeling, though this would be indignantly repudiated by many of those in whom I seemed to detect it. Experience of power is inevitably altering Communist theories, and men who control a vast governmental machine can hardly have quite the same outlook on life as they had when they were hunted fugitives. If the Bolsheviks remain in power, it may be assumed that their Communism will fade, and that they will increasingly resemble any other Asiatic Government—for example, our own Government in India.

(To be continued.)

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE body of criticism of Bolshevism which the Labor deputation have brought home with them is much more of a piece than Mrs. Snowden's heretical excursion would lead one to suppose. The observers differed widely in temperament and training, no less than in political creed. The differences shaded down from Mr. Russell's intellectual Socialism to Mr. Shaw's well-seasoned trade unionism; and many members took quite independent lines of investigation. But their broad conclusions were nearly identical, and I should be disposed to take Mr. Walter Meakin, of the "Daily News," as supplying a good common measure of them. I gathered from Mr. Meakin that he thought (1) the idealism and personal devotion of the Bolshevik leaders to be beyond doubt, and their Puritan habit of life (bar a few small social luxuries) to be thoroughly established; (2) that the new industrial trade unionism will be a useful and moderating element; (3) that the Polish war stopped the tremendous effort at social reconstruction, including the thorough cleansing of Petrograd, but that it will be resumed; (4) that Churchillism and Fochism have forced Bolshevik energies into the war-channel, and given the Government a new national basis; (5) that from this effort has sprung a great army of three millions, the flower of which are



the Communist regiments; (6) that though our blockade and our war will kill off the weakest of the children, as well as the elderly and sickly, the nation is braced to a tremendous pitch of energy, in which it will not fail, largely because of its remarkable physical vigor and the determination of the Government to put the care of the children and their education as little Socialists in the front of their programme; (7) that there is no political alternative to Bolshevism, and that if it goes down complete chaos must supervene; (8) that the Denikin and Koltchak campaigns were a riot of wicked devastation, which has left scores of thousands of acres in the black earth districts derelict.

MR. CHURCHILL, it seems, survives Golovin. Why not, if he survived Koltchak and Denikin, Gallipoli and Antwerp? While there are British soldiers and British money (not too much of either) to squander in "rescuing" Poles from Bolsheviks, Greeks from Turks, and Arabs from each other, indefatigable Winston must be there to do it. So long as he keeps up his Parliamentary form, which is excellent, and suggests himself generally as a somewhat awkward customer on a green bench facing Mr. Lloyd George, I doubt whether he need trouble about his policy, or about bringing it into abject accord with the Prime Minister's views, or the unimportant needs of the country. God made the Churchills long ago to do themselves well out of old England—her wars, dynasties, politics, and the incidental fits of suicidal mania to which she is subject. Besides, where is his fault? He told the House of Commons what he told General Golovin, with a little more or less of the rattled sabre, so as to distinguish between Parliament and a real Muscovite General. There was no constitutional fudge about it. But we dispensed with that long ago when we took even the cruellest of the cruel laws of war out of our dealings with the Socialist Republic. So *vivat* Winston, till he happens to do something which makes it expedient for his chief to get rid of him!

I AM told that the British answer to the Polish request for intervention has been a sharp, uncompromising "No." Moreover, the Poles have been warned that their pretty plan for a great Lithuania under Polish suzerainty (with Minsk and Vilna included) will have to go with their other plans for stealing their neighbors' goods and lands, and that they would do well to amend their outrageous conduct in Dantzic. The members of the Labor deputation had no doubt, by the way, that their cause was lost, if only on account of the wholesale deserts of their soldiery to the Bolsheviks.

I SPOKE the other week of the organization of Sinn Fein courts in Ireland. One who has observed them, maybe with an unduly favorable eye, assures me that even Conservative opinion in Ireland praises their results and the spirit in which they work. Decisions are quick and equitable. Claimants and practitioners are content, and dissatisfaction is confined to some of those formerly occupied with the deserted tribunals. Barristers and solicitors take part in the work of the new courts, in spite of reflections on the propriety of their appearance. The Incorporated Law Society refused to anticipate a Government decision on the matter. But the Bar Council, more familiar with the activities of Provisional Governments, rushed in where the Society feared to tread. By a majority of six to four the Council decided that a barrister in appearing before the new tribunals, was guilty of professional misconduct. Having come to this decision they paused, and the resolution has not yet

been formally published. The next step will be awaited with interest. Will the Bar Council proceed to a boycott? They are already faced with a partitioned Judiciary. If they declare a boycott of Sinn Fein, my correspondent hints that they may have to stand a counter-attack. "Will the Irish Bar," he asks, "see a monopoly in business pass into the hands of those of its members who are furnished with permits from Dail Eireann? And will the others remain for evermore like the lawyers in Rabelais, proud and snotty?"

MEANWHILE, a "travelling man" coming from Mayo tells me: "At Ballaghaderreen races there were no police. Sinn Fein took things in hand. The public houses were open in the morning, from 11 o'clock till 12, and closed for the rest of the day. Only one poor publican was allowed to sell porter on the course—no whisky, and in the evening you might die for the want of a drink. They are breaking up the stills in Mayo too, and pouring out the poteen on the side of the road." At Peterswell (Co. Galway) races "it was the same way. No military or police, the Volunteers in charge, and all quiet but that they made two or three arrests."

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON's letter in the "Times" is a late, not I hope too late, warning against the only too facile abuse of the reparation fund for Westminster Abbey. Mr. Harrison thinks that an "admirable Dean and Chapter" will prevent the desecration of the Abbey, as St. Mary's at Oxford, and hundreds of sacred fanes in England, have been desecrated by the restorer's art. But Deans may be "admirable" and Committees may be Philistine, or a Philistine Dean may not be saved by an "admirable" Committee from turning reparation into restoration, and restoration into a gross piece of vandalism. There is a golden rule in these matters, and Mr. Harrison lays it down. "Not a foot of new carved stone to be allowed anywhere!" I see little in the Dean's appeal to suggest he has imposed it, and at present only Mr. Lethaby's character for caution and respect for old buildings gives hope that it may be observed. But a quarter of a million is a very big sum, and if the Standing Committee is to have real power in spending it, it seems ill-equipped for its job. Therefore I say—"Don't subscribe one farthing till you know whether you are paying for a new Westminster Abbey, or for holding up the old one."

Now that the Plumage Bill has been smothered the massacre of the innocents will continue. Nature puts an end to birds and the trade together. Her veto will be final, and as science declares that six years without birds means the end of her animate system, the end of the Plumage Trade may possibly coincide with the end of us. Humming birds were sold by the twenty and thirty thousand twelve years ago; in 1914 only four thousand were sold, and in 1920 their price is five times what it was in 1914 (2d.). According to the British Museum authorities, birds of paradise are in imminent danger of extinction. The egret has been exterminated out of country after country. The albatross is killed off at the rate of 300,000 brooding birds (this is U.S. Government evidence) per raid. The Pacific has been swept of its shore birds; kingfishers, cranes (216,000 white cranes were sold in 1914), flamingoes, ibises, spoonbills, condors (40,000 of these huge birds are sold in one sale), quetzals, toucans, and dozens of other species are reduced to a fraction of their former abundance, and the rest are going to their graves at top speed. What does one expect? They have to be shot in parenthood for child-bearing women to flaunt the symbols of it, and as Mr. Hudson says, one

bird shot for its plumage means ten other deadly wounds and the starvation of the young. But what do women care? Look at Regent Street this morning!

I AM glad to read of the memorial to Mr. Stead, if only to remind this generation of journalists of a great member of their craft, who could no more have been "syndicated" or "amalgamated" than the North Star. Stead was an indomitable and insatiable man, avid for his journalist's daily meal of sensation, which he believed was expressly provided him by God. He failed really because he was Stead and could not be anything else, and yet to the hour of his death went on talking, dreaming, writing, planning, agitating, giving (he was a royally generous and friendly man), and enjoying life. He had rather a coarse strain (like the much greater Tolstoy), and while he never knew anything of art, or possessed a key to the world of knowledge, he overflowed with ideas, which he threw off as an electrical machine throws off sparks. His natural genius would not submit to training, and so he occasionally wrote like a reporter on the *Eatonsville Gazette*. But he was a magnificent human being, fiery and untamable; of an astonishing activity of temperament and richness of character.

I MUST have scaled mountains of literature about Tolstoy, but never did I get such a vision of him as in Gorky's "Reminiscences," which I believe Mr. Lansbury brought over from Russia, and of which Mr. Kotliansky and Mr. Woolf have made a precious translation (The Hogarth Press). They make an astonishing physical portraiture; and yet that is as nothing compared with the exhibition of Tolstoy's soul. I suppose some people will find it horrible to discover that Tolstoy was a man not a god, and possessed a good stock of some primitive human (and Russian) characteristics. The book did not horrify me; it held me breathless, much as if I had been given a peep through some prehistoric glade of the gambolling of a Colossus. Yet there is nothing new to students of Tolstoy. Sensitive himself, Gorky italicises Tolstoy's extreme sensibility: showing him at one moment weeping at his remembrance of how a drunken woman in Moscow looked, and at the next roaring with laughter at a broad story (he approved it apparently, because it fed his hatred of women), mercilessly probing at other people's souls (including poor Tchekhov's, whom he loved) and hiding away his own, only to give it away a little later. Gorky confesses himself swept off his feet, and possessed now by love, and now by fear and hatred, of the tremendous and implacable old hero.

#### HOLIDAY MOODS:—

Man's goodness does not exist, though only the Best Man dared say so. And the cant of the "good nation" has merely strewn the earth with graves.

The medieval alchemist would have burned the forests of Europe down to make gold; his successors pound them into pulp—for paper.

The scientist will never find knowledge, nor the metaphysician reality, nor the historian truth, nor the artist beauty, nor the theologian God. But they will never stop seeking, for it is the undiscoverable that interests man.

A delicate nature may veil itself beneath a Rabelaisian humor, and a gross one behind scrupulous purity of speech.

"O diviner air," sang the Latin poet. But this belief in the mystical quality of the atmosphere sprang from a pagan society, not from a town-bred civilization.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE END OF A SUPERSTITION.

Few of us are much in love with democracy as we see it working in the world to-day. In whose person or in what incarnation should we love it—khaki election or Chicago Convention, Coalition Parliament or French Chamber? There is some poor consolation perhaps in turning from these familiar scenes to records of the genuine rival institution. The Kaiser's marginal notes to diplomatic correspondence, in their peculiar headlong violence, their half-crazy egoism, their absence of all caution and restraint, revealed one phase of the autocrat, and by no means the worst phase. With all his faults the Kaiser was a man of much more than average intelligence, alert, well-informed, and well-educated, and in spite of his queer relation to the Diet, a modern scientific European. One sinks to a grimmer, less reputable world at once in reading the analysis, a brilliant journalistic feat, which Mr. Arthur Ransome has made of the Tsaritsa's letters for the "*Manchester Guardian*." Here is the real primitive stuff of the autocratic tradition, in all its proper setting of superstition and religiosity, which carries us back to the Middle Ages and far beyond them, into the twilight of the God-King and his legend and the wonders of the "Golden Bough."

It is inevitable that one should compare this Russian royal pair with the equally tragic Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. They have something in common beside their tragic end. Nature had made of the Tsar a rather stupid, fumbling, weak-minded creature, wholly without personality of his own, destined to be led and hypnotised by others. At first his mother and then his wife was the dominating influence. He must have been decidedly less intelligent than Louis XVI., though no less hopeless as a man of action. We should judge, however, that he was much more responsive to a powerful magnetic influence beside him—not quite the mass of "phlegm" of Carlyle's contemptuous phrase. Between the Tsaritsa and Marie Antoinette there can have been little in common, save perhaps their readiness to act and play the man's part, which the autocrat himself was too feeble to fill. "Her force of mind is prodigious" said Mirabeau of the Queen, "she is a man for courage." Of "mind" in these pathetic letters, we do not find a trace, but force of a kind there certainly is. The Tsaritsa's outward personality no one is likely to forget who has seen her photograph. She must have been one of the most beautiful women of her day, and it was a beauty which suggested also dignity and sweetness. But the temperament behind it was neurotic. Without "force of mind" perhaps, she still had a love of force, which expresses itself in the crudest images. She wants to see her husband, the Autocrat, "shaking and waking all up and smacking firmly when necessary." People must be "afraid" of him: "then all will go well." He must "thump with his hand on the table, and scream at his opponents." He must show his "master will." In common life, we suppose, a woman of this temperament would have found a mate who could thump and scream and smack, and even if he had sometimes screamed at her, all would have gone well. The tragedy of her case was that her poor little Tsar, though ill-endowed by nature with these qualities, could and did imitate them on occasion, in a sheeplike way, when she stood over him and inspired him. She assumed the rôle quite openly, and joked about wearing "trousers," and showing them to the "poltroons" of the General Staff.

The startling thing about this disastrous personality is that in the Russian atmosphere it should have shed

so completely its European upbringing. Malicious people used to hint that the Tsaritsa remained a German at heart, and she was ever accused of treachery during the war. Nothing could have been further from the facts. It seems hard to believe that this lady could ever have had a German education, or lived among modern folks at all. She had become Russian of the Russians. She had imbibed all the superstitions, big and little, of the Orthodox Church. Her "conversion" into it had evidently been much more wholehearted than is usual in such royal arrangements. She had absorbed the habits of thinking which belong to its cult of miracle. She lights candles with full faith in their symbolic efficacy. She sends eikons and prayer-belts by train-loads to the troops at the front, who would have found rifles so much more efficacious. She ascribes some magical power to the act of combing one's hair, and instructs Nicholas to go through this ceremony "before all difficult tasks and decisions." She writes of the grumbling of the Opposition as "the Devil's last efforts to make a mess everywhere." She has a deep belief in omens drawn from the weather. She would pray, poor woman, "till I thought my soul would burst."

But the marvel of marvels was her subjection to the creature Rasputin. The picture of this Man of God has often been drawn—a big Siberian peasant, totally illiterate, dirty, evil-smelling, but formidably, abnormally virile. His incredible exploits of debauchery were a public scandal, and so far from being concealed, it was the sexual magnetism of the man which constituted his social power. He made his way at Court under the cloak of visions, miracles and direct inspiration, by using this magnetism upon women. The Tsaritsa he evidently dominated. She writes of him always as "the Man of God," or "Our Friend." She recognizes his divinity by writing the pronouns which refer to him with capital letters. Through her he evidently governed Russia, made and unmade Ministers, and even directed the armies. He it was, for example, who brought about the dismissal of the Grand Duke Nicholas. What the clue to his policy was, if he had one, we do not learn from these letters. Apparently it was mainly dictated by self-defence. He was always taking bribes (the Tsaritsa avows it), and also exceeding the permissible in his debaucheries, with the result that his main purpose and hers seems to have been to stop exposure, and to crush everyone, from the Grand Duke down to the Duma leaders, who tried to remove or undermine him. Apart from this he gave signs of a certain peasant shrewdness. He advised the Tsar to visit the Duma in person. He urged him to go in person to the army, and show himself often to the troops. He was aware very early of the coming famine, and in 1915 had an opportune vision and advised that for three days the trains from Siberia should carry nothing but butter, flour and sugar. It was not so much any policy of his which ruined the Tsardom, as his personal feuds which placed army, Church and State under the government of his own creatures. None was qualified for office or command save the more abject adventurers who would crawl to this unsavory charlatan.

The study of the relationships between these three—the neurotic Empress, the magnetic peasant-charlatan, and the poor little Tsar—belongs to the field of pathology. The mechanism of the process is quite obvious. The Man of God, thinking mainly of cashing his bribes, selling his favors, and hushing up his scandals, dictated to the Empress, and she with her beauty and her tears dictated to the little Tsar. Between them they puffed

him up into playing the Autocrat. From time to time he could be mesmerized into "thumping on the table and screaming at his opponents." The central figures in this exotic picture are only of moderate interest, and none of them is sympathetic. The real amazement is that this degrading scandal could have gone on, in a clever, civilized society, manifestly bringing the whole fabric of the State to ruin, without an effective attempt at revolution. There were of course strong speeches in the Duma. Dr. Milioukoff made his celebrated oration about the "dark forces." Mr. Gutchkoff (for whom the Tsaritsa thought that God ought to arrange "a bad railway accident in which none but he would suffer") went to some length in opposition. But it is true, on the whole, that the Russian *bourgeoisie* only talked, where the French Third Estate had acted. Even at the end, when the revolution did come, Dr. Milioukoff at first warned the people of Petrograd against joining in it, and even said that it had all been arranged by *agents provocateurs*—which may, in a sense, have been true. On the first days of the outbreak, the Duma, as he put it, simply "watched the revolution from a balcony." The only decided act of which all the comparative sanity and capacity of the aristocratic and middle-class world was capable, was the murder of Rasputin by a group of young nobles.

Autocracy means evidently not merely the corruption of the often feeble and sometimes abnormal persons who exercise it or guide it, but the paralysis and retinization of the society which submits to it. These letters, we imagine, have painted the last scenes in the life of a superstition. We can conceive of a momentary revival of a military monarchy in Hungary, in Germany, and even perhaps in Russia. But it will be headed by some man of capacity and will, who has fought his way back to power, and it will hardly outlive his lifetime, if it lasts so long. The last scene is not pleasing or even romantic. It will exceed even the audacity of Burke to make us weep for the plumage on this "dying bird" of Russian society. The graces and the elegances of Versailles are absent. The salon has degenerated into a dirty and unsavory madhouse.

#### THE COMMON ENEMY.

THERE is great hubbub in the lower spinney, a chorus of declamation of which the central note is the blackbird's "Pick-pick-pick," though the ear is sometimes almost split by a shriller cry that must come from the green woodpecker. Birds all about are on the alert. The starlings have hastily left their worm-hunting on the lawn and are off home to see that harm is not threatening their nests; the black-cap going to his nest with a beakfull of food raises his crest and is ready for anything, from a mad bull downwards; the magpie flying to the mowing grass checks in his flight, as though he, too, had half a mind to go and have a fling at the cat or fox that the blackbird is baying; the real air squadrons manned by the swifts and swallows loop obviously in the direction of the beech that seems to be the centre of trouble, ready to give any hawk that breaks cover a very nasty running fight. Evidently the bird that raised the first alarm deserves well of the whole feathered community and his warning is bearing fruit in universal watchfulness.

Probably some cat is poaching in the spinney that ought now to be sacred to young life, or the fox is out on a daylight prowl, or it is the cunning stoat making capital out of the indignation of the mob, the most reck-



less member of which he will pounce upon and pull down. The jay too often deserves a mobbing, and the owl found astray by day is nearly driven to distraction before she can elip her critics and find a dark hole where she is more at home than they. The little owl brought here from Spain and rapidly overrunning the country, hunts as much by day as by night, and is always followed and abused. Some assert that they can tell from the notes of the chief prosecutor the exact nature of the danger that the world is being warned against, and that the other birds can be as sure about it as though the black-bird cried "Snake, snake, snake," "'Ware cat," or "Thou fox." Certainly he does not always cry "Pick, pick." He has "Tut, tut," "A-weech-a-weech," and other variants of "Stop thief," variants that surely cannot fail to be useful to those who hear them. There is no doubt the hopeful scolding that may avert danger, the helpless rage of the parent that sees one of its chicks in the jaws of a cat, and the long-sobbing that endures after the thief has escaped with her quarry.

The personal resentment of one bird is taken up by the neighbors of every species. All lesser rivalries and even animosities are sunk in the presence of a supreme danger. The jay is a strong enemy of all the small birds as well as those as big as himself, for he is thief as well as robber. But he is sworn sentinel and spy against the common enemy. The naturalist sliding through the wood, trying to look like a stump that is standing still, is marked by the sly jay that, when he is quite certain about the matter, gives a squawk close above the intruder's head calculated to make him jump and set the feathered world agog for half a mile around. The jay's keen eye finds the cat waiting patiently under the berried bush or the stoat slipping through the ground herbage. The thrush whose blue eggs he sucked yesterday, the whitethroat whose little ones he murdered, the wren whose pretty nest he sacked are all grateful to him for his warning, and if they are in mobbing mood his harsh voice is joined by the "Pink-pink" of the chaffinch, by the watchman's rattle of the missel thrush, and the plaintive accusation of the hedge sparrow.

Man is never mobbed. The particular pair whose nest is threatened will expostulate with him and even attack him. The peewit will wheel and boffle and try to draw him away from her eggs. The whitethroat will scold and even seem ready to offer himself as a hostage for his young. The owl will smite him with its wings and slash him with its talons. But each must fight its lone battle. No neighbor will join in the fight against so formidable a foe. Yet man, or at any rate boy, is regarded (too often with justice) as the arch-enemy. He is warned against by shrill signal cry and by whisper wherever he goes, but he is not attacked in force. And mark this. An animal that is in distress by reason of the persecution of some other enemy will sometimes appeal to man for help. Perhaps his enmity is known to be greater against one than another. He does not often throw stones at the robin, but the rat he never sees without trying to kill, and so, when the rat comes against the robin's nest, the bird has not seldom been known to fetch the nearest man by Parthian cry and leading-on to save a comparative friend at the expense of a dearer foe.

A writer mentions two cases as having happened to him in one summer. First, a blackbird came to him in the harness-room with an unusually vigorous "Twit, twit," kept up till the man went out to see what was the matter. "The bird then flew up to me and back to the fence," he says, "calling all the time. . . . I went and lo there was a trap, which had been set for a rat

or a rabbit, and had caught a hen blackbird by one leg." In the same summer a pair of thrushes came to the same philornithist, "flying through an open window to where I was sitting writing. On reaching the bush where the trouble was I found their nest on its side and three young songsters in the hedge bottom." Of course the clergyman, for such he was, did the right thing in each case, and in each case, he says, he was rewarded by a song of thanks. Perhaps. The turmoil in the spinney has just ceased, whether ending in unaided victory or by human assistance, and within a few minutes, the black-bird has exchanged his cry of distress for the joyous calling upon "Georgie" that has characterized him all the spring.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF IRELAND.

"ONE reason why a great majority of the Irish people are now convinced that complete independence is the only possible solution is the unparalleled ignorance of what Sinn Fein really means which apparently governs the thinking of all Englishmen who have anything to do with Ireland. If there were any reason to believe that this ignorance might shortly come to an end some of us might think differently. But there is none. To-day the average Englishman is beginning to be 'frightfully annoyed' about Ireland, but he is learning nothing. What is more to the point, he seems to want to learn nothing, unless it be journalistic fables of Sinn Fein 'atrocities' so bad that even Dublin Castle has to repudiate them."

During the past week in Dublin I have had many answers to my question as to the disposition in Ireland to compromise on some settlement retaining the imperial tie, and perhaps none of them throws light on the almost universal negative as clearly as the above, given to me by a prominent Sinn Fein official who received most of his schooling in this country. Every Sinn Feiner to whom I talked expressed surprise at my ambition to make public in England something of the constructive side of their movement. In the United States, they reasoned, this would be welcomed, but in England it would "run counter to the Governmental policy of misinformation." Nevertheless it is the constructive side of Sinn Fein, heretofore largely overlooked outside of Ireland and always accomplished in the face of unscrupulous and bitter military opposition, which is chiefly responsible for the remarkable strengthening of the Republican movement in recent months. While the policy of the British Government in Ireland is becoming more and more confined to tearing down, the energies of the duly elected Republican Government are being devoted more and more to building up. Constructive measures occupied the entire attention of a full session of Dáil Eireann held in Dublin secretly during the past few days.

There are certain phases of the Republican Government now in full operation which, while observed by Dublin Castle, are for various reasons very little appreciated in England. Of these three or four may be selected for brief analysis in this article. In considering the light which they throw on the ability and spirit behind Sinn Fein it should be borne in mind that the Republic has many other constructive activities on foot to which publicity cannot be given during the present régime of repression and coercion.

Few people in Ireland, for instance, are ignorant of the fact that the "Commission of Inquiry into the Resources and Industries of Ireland" is in reality an integral part of the Republican Government, acting at the present time as a special economic council to Dáil Eireann. Like every other native agency designed to improve the economic status of the Irish people, the commission at the outset met with the organized persecution of Dublin Castle. Of late this persecution has been cleverly countered by the commission's policy of maintaining all activities on an entirely open basis, even to the extent of advertising itself extensively in Unionist

papers. The result has been that all shades of Irish political opinion have rallied to the support of the constructive programme outlined, officials of the British Government and even Carsonists having given advice and even testified at its sessions. Without openly admitting that England will not allow Irishmen to interest themselves in the improvement of their country, Dublin Castle cannot now interfere with the operations of the Commission of Inquiry. Moreover, its offices occupy a strategic position directly above the American Consulate in Dublin, and it is collecting the very information which all foreign consuls in Ireland are there to obtain.

The Commission of Inquiry was appointed to survey the manufacturing and productive industries of Ireland, to investigate latent natural resources, and to furnish scientific recommendations as to how Irish industries may best be encouraged and extended. The investigations, which have been going on for several months, have so far been confined to the two subjects of highest natural importance in any community—food and power resources. A full investigation of Ireland's shamefully neglected mineral resources and plans for the realignment of the Irish railways along useful rather than strategic lines will follow in due course. At the present time complete testimony has been taken and scientific investigation made in the subjects of milk, milk products, meat, fish, coal, turf, and industrial alcohol. A copy of the carefully prepared *ad interim* report on milk production (now in its second edition) lies before me as I write. The signatories include names known far beyond the confines of Ireland as experts, and a perusal of the information contained in its twenty-four pages is an instructive antidote to the average newspaper report about Sinn Fein. It need hardly be added that the information gathered by the Commission of Inquiry is already being applied by Dáil Eireann to the development of Ireland as far as limited resources and British opposition will allow.

There is no more secret about the connection of the National Land Bank and Sinn Fein than there is in the case of the Commission of Inquiry. While duly chartered under British law the officials of the bank are for the most part men prominent in the Sinn Fein movement. Indeed the chairman, Robert Barton, who is likewise the Republican minister for agriculture, is at this minute in an English prison, in spite of his services as an officer in the British army during the war. Part of the work of the Land Bank is to give practical expression to the Sinn Fein policy of emancipating the agricultural laborer from the tenant farming or landless condition which is traditional in the English land system. It is organizing landless men and uneconomic holders in small co-operative societies, lending them the capital required to purchase large farms on the market, and then dividing the acreage among the members along economic lines suggested by the institution's own experts. Not only is the maximum period of loan repayment thirty-one years under the National Land Bank as against sixty-three under the Land Commission of the British Government, but also the bank is rapidly putting new people on the land while the Commission deals only with the tenant rights of those who already have a permanent interest in agriculture.

Although only a few months in operation, the Land Bank is already swamped with business and is preparing to establish branches in six agricultural centres of Ireland. An apparent result of its operations is to check the tide of emigration from the country, a reaction which is as ardently desired by Sinn Fein as it is disliked by the Castle authorities. In addition, the National Land Bank is building up a very considerable general banking business as a response to its slogan that "Irish men and women who are patriotic in other things must be patriotic in the investment of their money." Depositors who transfer their money to the Land Bank from the British post office savings banks and the Irish branches of English banking businesses do so largely because of the knowledge that the Land Bank is functioning as part of the machinery of the Republic.

More information regarding the Sinn Fein courts than about any other constructive phase of the movement has been printed in England recently, and the verdict

of impartial observers was well summed up by a report in the "Daily News" of June 24th, which stated that "there is a nearer approach to settled order in districts where the writs of the Sinn Fein courts run than anywhere else in the island." While in Dublin I attended one of these tribunals, held in a building on a quiet square close to the heart of the city. The case under consideration was a land claim, and the keen, alert, and highly intelligent handling given to the dispute by the magistrate in charge, a young Dublin solicitor, was symbolic of the efficiency of every Republican official with whom I came in contact. There were no ermine robes, wigs, or quill pens in evidence, but no court I have ever been in gave a better impression of elemental honesty and justice.

These courts, which are now empowered by the Republican Government to try both civil and criminal cases, are of two classes—parish and district. Eventually it is intended that their judges shall be elected, but for the present they are being chosen by conferences of local leaders, rural and municipal officials, clergy of all denominations, organized Labor branches, and Sinn Fein clubs. Before jurisdiction of a case is assumed litigants must undertake to abide by the decision of the court; to discharge all obligations inherent in that decision, subject to the right of appeal to a higher Sinn Fein court; and not to submit to any "enemy tribunal" matters on which the court shall have pronounced a decision. Some of the sentences of these courts are perforce unusual. In Mullingar the other day a youth was sentenced to five years' exile from Ireland for a series of thefts, and periods of enforced isolation on the islets of the west coast are not uncommon. The important point is that while a convicted litigant could in almost every case appeal to and find protection with the British authorities such attempts to contravene Sinn Fein justice are almost unknown. A case in point occurred the other day. Two transgressors had been marooned on a deserted island by order of a Sinn Fein court, and an effort to rescue them by boat was made by the local constabulary. The prisoners drove off this well-meaning attempt with volleys of stones, loudly proclaiming that even in misfortune Republican citizens will have no dealings with British authority. Already the ordinary Irish courts in many parts of the country are totally ostracized in favor of Sinn Fein tribunals, and these last are rapidly proving their efficiency in the general Republican programme of supplanting the English Government from underneath. Astounding gains have been made in reducing British rule to the plane of mere military occupation, and there is now a regular Sinn Fein postal service for communications which cannot be entrusted to the English mails.

In all the constructive side of the movement the work of the Irish Volunteers, organized under the Republican Minister of Defence, is of fundamental and increasing importance. While Dáil Eireann undoubtedly derives its authority from the consent of a very large majority of the Irish people this Government would never be in the position of control it has gained to-day without the existence of an organized and disciplined force to back up its edicts. Such a force is at hand in the Volunteers, now said to number 200,000 men. One gets a new conception of the strength and spirit of Sinn Fein on seeing these young men walking miles to their secret drill grounds and spending half the night in military training after their regular day's work in field, factory, and shop. At the present time, however, the pacifist element of Sinn Fein—that part which believes that British rule can best be ousted by the policy of "freezing out"—is in the ascendancy and the Irish Volunteers are mainly employed for police duties. That they are carrying out these duties with strict impartiality for Catholic and Protestant, Unionist and Sinn Feiner, not even Dublin Castle attempts to deny. They are acting, indeed, not as the guardians of security for a faction but for an entire nation. In the last few days they have been primarily responsible for restoring order in Derry, Bantry, Fermoy, and half-a-dozen scenes of lesser trouble. Their prestige is going up as that of the R.I.C. is going down, as an incident which happened in the Terenure suburb of Dublin a few days ago will illustrate. A member of this force, having had a new



lawn-mower stolen from his garden plot, besought the British organization for "law and order" to get it back. The lawn-mower remained on the list of missing, and the constable finally appealed to his next door neighbor, a member of the Volunteers. The matter was taken up by the local Sinn Fein club and in a few days the implement was restored to its owner. Not only that, but the man who had purloined it was haled by the Volunteers before the nearest Republican court and fined for his offence.

The British Government in Ireland to-day is faced with a dilemma the two horns of which can only be avoided by a settlement of a clean and generous nature. On the other hand any further attempt to break down the constructive machinery of Sinn Fein will mean that the present moderate leaders of Republicanism will give way to those who long for another armed, and nationwide, rebellion, with its probable effects on American opinion. On the other hand, if the attempt is made to govern Ireland merely by "enlightened" dictatorship, British authority in every phase of civil life will be progressively replaced by Sinn Fein, and British "rule" will steadily become more of a farce. Perhaps it is not yet too late for a settlement on thorough-going Dominion Home Rule lines. But the closing down of the "Irish Statesman," with its issue of June 19th, is symbolic of the swiftly fading influence in Ireland of all those who are not outright and positive for complete independence.

FELIX MORLEY.

## Short Studies.

### THE SCIENCE LESSON.

THE Wonish Street Council School had long made a speciality of "Elementary Science." This was due to a variety of reasons, the chief being to counter the attraction of a neighboring school that had achieved some local fame in music. Science, however, does not offer the advertising possibilities of music, and Wonish Street was rather outshadowed. Yet something had been accomplished. For example, "Experientia Docet" had been selected as one of the two school mottoes, and hung prominently in every class-room. The other motto, printed in faded pink Roman lettering over the head master's desk in the hall, ran "Manners Makyth Man," and, to this, serious exception had been taken not merely as being out of date but as indicating a dangerous laxity towards doubtful spelling.

The scientific bias was also partly due to Mr. Jones who, by years of study, had become an expert "elementary scientist." Not only had he gained a vast collection of South Kensington "Science" Certificates which, framed in yellow plush, crowded the walls of his back parlor, but, at the age of twenty-seven, he had successfully matriculated at the London University and passed the Intermediate Science Examination before he was forty. Naturally, the head master entrusted the science teaching of the school to his hands. In appearance, Mr. Jones was an amiable, sandy man with a large badly-shaven face and moist eyes. Misled by his textbooks on school method, he had assiduously cultivated a teaching manner of exaggerated brightness. But this incongruous cheeriness, together with a deferential manner and an easy acquiescence to any suggestion emanating from his superiors, had gained him an enviable reputation for "loyalty and cheerful co-operation in the well-being of the school." With the single exception of botany, he was specially qualified in every branch of "elementary science." He could authoritatively expound the solidity of solids and the fluidity of fluids; he was skilled in making glowing splints burst into flame by plunging them in oxygen, in extinguishing the same

in carbon dioxide gas; he could blow into lime water and turn it milky, rub sealing wax on his coat tails till it attracted tiny particles torn from "Scientific Scraps." And it was justly claimed that no Wonish Street school-boy was ever taken in over the pound of lead and pound of feathers nonsense; or would ignorantly identify "matter" with its popular signification. Practical applications were not overlooked; Mr. Jones boasted that even the younger children knew that the most profitable place to sell diamonds by weight was the North Pole.

In the council schools, teachers of academic distinction are apt to be suspect as "not being able to keep order." But Mr. Jones was by no means a weak disciplinarian. Years ago, an inspector, strolling into his class-room at the close of a hot July afternoon, had complained that the boys were "fidgety." Later, another inspector had watched Mr. Jones conduct a science lesson. Fearfully desirous of giving satisfaction, Mr. Jones had foolishly allowed one or two boys to perform some simple experiments at the teacher's table. This delighted the class, but irritated the inspector. "Noise and confusion accompanied this proceeding," he reported, "which were detrimental to that quiet orderliness which always characterizes good teaching." Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Jones's friends were convinced that this was a deliberately sought excuse, instigated by municipal thrift, to refuse his claim to proceed to the "Higher Maximum" Scale of Salaries. But Mr. Jones learned his lesson; acting on the advice of the head master, he "strung up his discipline." After that no pupil of Mr. Jones, not even in the senior class, which numbered only forty-six boys, would have dreamed of placing a finger on the elementary scientific apparatus.

Sometimes his colleagues charged him with being "dotty on science." This was inexact. In point of fact Mr. Jones was not at all keen on science; he was merely keen on teaching "sciences." Yet he had been known to defend the "scientific tendencies of the age." His wife's father, an aggressively religious Baptist, who kept a small drapery establishment in Peckham and traced the origin of the war to "that infidel Darwin," was in principle as in practice violently opposed to "the scientific tendencies, &c." On Saturdays, Mr. Jones usually helped his father-in-law with the accounts, and it is said that when strangers inquired of Mr. Jones "what his business might be," he would snobbishly describe himself as being "in the drapery line." On these Saturday visits many arguments took place between the two men, arguments which rather disturbed their womenfolk. "You gain nothing and lose your temper," Mrs. Jones would say to her husband on their way home. And it was true that Mr. Jones was inevitably vanquished; and always in the same way.

"Look at Germany, to-day!" his father-in-law would exclaim triumphantly. "See what science has done for her!"

To this Mr. Jones could find no answer; he felt twinges of conscience, but reassured himself that there was nothing subversive in what he taught; that, in fact, it was not science in the "extreme sense."

To-day Mr. Jones was to give a lesson to Standard IV. on "Expansion by Heat." The class-room table had been cleared of papers and books, and was now littered with various kinds of "apparatus." Most of this latter was out of order but was extremely useful to talk about; and it looked well should any visitor happen to enter. Sometimes Mr. Jones felt that apparatus involved a terrible waste of time. Only the day before, he had given a lesson to Standard III. in which no apparatus was needed except for appearances' sake, and in half-an-hour he had dealt exhaustively enough with atoms, molecules, mass, and gravity. He was certain that the boys had grasped what he himself knew of these matters; had they not copied out the definitions in their neat exercise books? Then he felt he had taught something. But the moment one started



with "apparatus," the boys became preoccupied with the experiments and forgot all about the "science." Such thoughts passed through Mr. Jones's mind as, standing on a chair, he struggled to fix the bunsen burner rubber connection to the gas jet. Meanwhile the boys began to shuffle and chatter. Threats of punishment were necessary to restore silence. At length all was ready and the lesson began.

Mr. Jones always opened with "recapitulation," and found that the previous "science" lesson had dealt with carbon dioxide gas.

"And what turned the lime-water milky, Wilde?" he asked.

"Yer bref, sir!" said Wilde.

"But wouldn't your breath make it milky, too?"

"I don't know, sir!"

"But you ought to know! Why don't you know?"

"I never blowed it, sir!" said Wilde. "I fought as 'ow there was a dodge in it."

"I never shall get any science into your heads," said Mr. Jones. "Raines, tell me how the milkiness was caused."

"You blew a lot o' white stuff orf of the bottom of the glass, sir!"

Mr. Jones was annoyed; his eyes glared mistily, his brightness dropped from him as a garment. Then he saw Dickson.

"You tell me, Dickson!" he said. He knew Dickson had a wonderful memory, one of those uncanny memories that retain the number of square miles in Kamschatka.

"Chalk, sir!" said Dickson, promptly.

"How do you know it was chalk?"

"'Cos you told us it was, sir."

Mr. Jones felt soothed; he was by no means a vain man, and often, in moments of depression and doubt, self-respect for his teaching capacity had been restored to him by Dickson's memory. Thus he brought "Recapitulation" to a close, having first suggested that Raines might with advantage, personal and general, make use of his pocket-handkerchief, a hint resulting, after prolonged search, in the extraction of a discolored rag followed by a labored trumpeting.

Mr. Jones began the lesson on "Expansion by Heat" by pointing out, not without humor, the importance of the aspirate. This was an application of the theory known in the schools as "correlation," and which, in practice, appears to mean that the teacher may discuss anything in any lesson, and makes discursiveness a cardinal pedagogic virtue.

At this moment the head master entered and inquired in an aggrieved tone if it were true that Mumford was absent.

Mr. Jones confessed that the report was only too true; Mumford's father had "got a day off" and had taken the boy into the country. This audacious act was taken by the head master as a personal affront. His color rose, he tapped his teeth with a pencil; his keen, roving eye searched the room; it rested on a picture of a tiny David, holding on high the huge and still-protesting head of a twenty foot Goliath. The picture was slightly askew.

"Put that picture straight, Rose," shouted the head master roughly, and instantly became calmer.

"Wasn't Mumford absent some weeks ago on an equally flimsy pretext?" he inquired.

"Yes," returned Mr. Jones, "his mother had twins and he was kept at home to tend the other babies."

"I thought so," said the head. "I'll send a note to Mrs. Mumford. Look up the register and tell me the number of times he's been absent this term."

Mr. Jones bent over the register, and the head master turned to the class.

"So you're taking science," he said, glancing at the array of apparatus. "Very important, too, but if you're absent"—he made a gesture of hopelessness. He continued correlatively, "Shakespeare had to leave school at an early age. The result was he didn't even know the world was round!"

The boys looked appropriately shocked . . . the elation they felt they did not show . . . Mr. Jones considered that the head master had been slightly indiscreet . . . some matters are best unmentioned . . .

. . . why wash our dirty linen in public? . . . reticence and reserve are especially necessary in dealing with children . . . he wondered whether the Shakespearean prestige would recover from the blow.

"And what is the lesson?" asked the head.

"The expansion of 'eat, sir!" was the reply.

"Very important," said the head master, trusting that his assistant would not be long, and went on to discuss the "practical applications" of the question, how useful the knowledge would be if the boys were ever engaged in laying railway lines, especially in hot countries like Persia and India, which the British hoped in time to civilize. He was proceeding to show how such a lesson as this might have saved many an ignorant housewife allowing her kettle to boil over when Mr. Jones handed up the number of Mumford's abstentions.

"Thank you!" said the head master. "Howard, you come along with me and take a note to Mrs. Mumford. I'll let her see how much her boy is losing by being absent," and man and boy departed together.

Among the miscellany of articles on the table were a brass ball and ring. Mr. Jones held up the former and showed that it passed easily through the ring; he then explained that, when heated, the ball would not pass through.

"Why is that?" inquired the teacher.

"The ball 'as swelled out, sir!"

"Scientific men don't say that," said Mr. Jones.

"The expansion of 'eat makes it expand, sir!" said another.

This approximation to text-book language called forth Mr. Jones's brightest smile.

"Please, sir!" called a sharp-faced boy named Allen, "is that why our close feel tight when we git 'ot?"

Mr. Jones didn't know; so commonplace an idea had never occurred to him; he felt sure the text-books did not refer to it. . . Still, it was a good question.

. . . He would like to know. . . What of the people who answered questions in the Sunday papers?

Their range of knowledge was remarkable . . . erring wife or ingrowing toe-nail. . . They always knew . . . why not write? . . . Meanwhile

the boys were looking at him, waiting . . . It would not do for him to be convicted of any ignorance . . . he felt his authority too ramshackle a thing

to bear that strain. . . So Mr. Jones took refuge behind the school rule which forbade unsolicited questions.

"Besides," he continued, "I'm not talking about clothes; I'm talking of this brass ball and ring which were invented years ago by a famous scientist. Now, Allen, tell me his name!"

Allen plunged. "Archy Meeds,\* sir!" he said.

"I thought you wouldn't know," said Mr. Jones briskly. "Tell him, Dickson!"

And Dickson, smiling, told him.

Having thus disposed of Allen, Mr. Jones placed the brass ball in the bunsen flame. During the process of heating, he set the boys the task of sketching the apparatus, thus "correlating" science and art and giving himself the opportunity of arranging the result of the experiment. This particular experiment never failed to come off, for by long experience Mr. Jones had discovered that, hot or cold, the ball would in one position always jam in the ring. This adjustment sometimes proved troublesome, but it was a useful secret that had succeeded in convincing generations of boys of the expansive power of heat. And so every few seconds Mr. Jones would remove the ball from the flame and make semi-furtive trials presumably to test the alleged expansion, actually to find the convenient position. On this occasion success crowned the seventh attempt, and thus Mr. Jones again triumphantly demonstrated his "elementary scientific" truth.

CHAS. H. BARKER.

\* Probably Archimedes.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE ECLIPSE OF NONCONFORMITY.

SIR,—There are three aspects of this question which have not been specially touched on, and which I would briefly mention:—

(1) The Free Churches have not lost their moral fibre, but are suffering keenly from disappointment and disillusionment. They are absolutely sound on the League of Nations, the Protection of the Armenians, their desire to rehabilitate Europe on humanitarian principles, the need for Temperance reform, &c., but they have lost heart in pressing them on the present Government, which, like the son in the parable, asseverates *I go*, but goes not. Direct refusal or opposition would be easier to deal with; but what can you do with a Party that promises everything and does nothing? On the other hand, we dare not incur the odium of political agitation. This accounts, to a large extent, for our apparent apathy in face of the great moral issues now in suspense.

(2) It should be remembered also that, speaking generally, the Churches are retiring on another line of defence. They are withdrawing from their old position of the inerrancy and authority of the Bible, and basing religious faith on the witness of the Spirit of Truth only. For myself, I think the retreat to be unnecessary. I am one of those who hold to the old-fashioned belief in the Bible, and the certain witness borne to it in the experience of the holiest and noblest of our race and in the ideals that it has inspired; but I confess sorrowfully that a large number of religious leaders and teachers are undermining the faith of multitudes by airing their undigested conceptions of the results of the higher criticism, *without giving any positive alternative*. The result has been that we have been losing heavily, but these bright young souls will return, when they learn that the soul cannot live without Christ, and that faith in Him is not absolutely barred out though dimmed by those views, which many of us strongly repudiate. After all, Abraham saw his day and was glad, when Scripture was as yet in the womb of time. Let our pulpits cease worrying about the genesis of the record and concentrate on the spiritual and eternal aspects of Christianity. *Fit the key to the lock*.

(3) The alliance of the Free Churches with the middle classes and employers of labor has alienated many of the more virile spirits in the Labor world, and the loss has hurt us. Our social and class distinctions have worked in the same direction. But why should there not be an alliance on great moral issues? Each side would gain something from the other, and perhaps the creation of a new party, combining these two elements, would save the State in the present impasse.—Yours, &c.,

F. B. MEYER.

SIR,—The Free Churches are reaping the rewards of certain delusions on the part of their leaders, two or three of which may be named.

First comes the pre-war glorification of Germany. Most of our leaders found their "spiritual home" in Germany in a very strict sense. Germany was for them the great religious (i.e., Protestant) nation, and her scholarship dominated ours, especially in Biblical studies. Little was known of the scholarship of the Latin or Slav countries. Hence our leaders were very thoroughly Germanized, and up to the last moment before war many, if not most of them, were pro-German pacifists. Very soon, however, they made wonderful discoveries about German history, philosophy and morals, so that one would have expected them never to appeal to German scholarship again. This they are beginning to do, however, doubtless because they have little else in stock.

The next great delusion was Mr. Lloyd George, the great Nonconformist hero, who must therefore be heaven-sent. Consequently the Free Church machinery must be put at his disposal and its Press used in his service. It was almost impossible for the case against the "knock-out blow" policy to be heard, for personal acquaintances of Mr. Lloyd George largely dominated the Free Church Council and owned the Nonconformist Press. The result was a practical Erastianism on the part of the Free Churches, a Church-and-State association for which the Churches are now paying the penalty along with the decline of State prestige.

The third delusion was (and is) the League of Nations.

Quite recently the Free Church Council avows that it puts its trust in Mr. Lloyd George's goodwill towards the League. The history of the last fortnight is quite unable to shake the faith of such partizans. A mere alliance of victors becomes for them, under the rhetoric of our Free Church Prime Minister, a genuine international League. (It is curious, by the way, that the three chief Imperialists of our day—Disraeli, Chamberlain, and Lloyd George—were all Nonconformists, either by race or profession.) Now that the fruits of such a policy are becoming manifest, it is natural and fitting that the Premier should appeal, as he did the other day, to the (Nonconformist) Churches to save him from the consequences of his own policy. They are to stand between him and the new Power of Darkness—i.e., Bolshevism! Our blind guides have now the choice between an Imperialistic alliance and a real International. They repudiated the Christian and also the Socialistic International. There is barely time to organize a genuine International of any sort before the last catastrophe falls. If they cannot do it, let them say so, and make way for more capable men.—Yours, &c.,

ELEA.

June 26th, 1920.

### LIVING JEWELS AT TENPENCE.

SIR,—On the table before me there are two objects, an artificial white rose of delicate making, which cost half-a-crown, and a little dingy, shapeless body which, if held in the rays of the sun, tells us that it was once a bejewelled, living creature whose race excels perhaps all others in the wide world for loveliness. It is a humming bird, and I paid tenpence for it in a milliner's shop where it lay in a pile of at least a hundred other humming birds, each costing tenpence. Looking upon this pile of minute bodies one could swing one's mind back six months and see these same lifeless, vulgarized, murdered, little shapes as they were once in life—rainbow-hued sylphs of air, waving wings of sapphire, opal, emerald, or topaz in an iridescent mist before the flowers of some huge forest-tree in a far tropical glade, or feeding tiny balls of down in a nest as small, or smaller, than a wild rose. The vision will seem like a bright phantom of the mind, for there is nothing in the heap of distorted bodies, with all their lustre dimmed, to suggest what once they were—living jewels whose radiance of colors matched the intense vividness and joyousness of their lives. And soon the phantom will be the reality, for these feathered gems are worth tenpence each, to be worn in women's hats, and catalogued by the twenty thousand in the salerooms by that noble, that honorable trade which is so righteously indignant at the charges made against it by the cranks who believe that these exquisite fairies of air are worth more than tenpence apiece. I wondered how they killed these minute bird-sprites, whether they limed the twigs about their nests and strangled them between thumb and forefinger, or pierced their hearts "like a small ruby on a finger-ring" from blowpipes, or poisoned the flowers on which they fed. However it was, they are all dead now and the pockets of the men who ordered their killing are the heavier for their tenpences.

Tenpence apiece! It was for this that these stars of many-colored light have gladdened the earth for so many millions of years, and for this that they are vanishing with such appalling swiftness from it. In a few years they will be gone never to return—because faded, lifeless, contorted on women's hats they are worth tenpence apiece.—Yours, &c.,

MARY BLUNDEN.

Deve House, Cheveley, near Newmarket, Cambs.

### EDUCATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION.

SIR,—We should like to call public attention through your columns to a new experiment in education which is of general interest in connection with educational reconstruction.

As a result of discussions which have recently taken place on the public school system, and of independent research into the needs of to-day, a new public boarding school has been founded under ideal physical conditions at Bembridge in the Isle of Wight under the control of a repre-

sentative council. Although the formal opening of the school does not take place until July next, it is already in being, all its places are filled, and extensions are being undertaken to provide additional accommodation.

It is not possible within the limits of a short letter to set forth the principles and methods upon which the work of the school is based, but some leading features may be summarized:—

(a) The ordinary subjects of the public school curriculum are given, but as a substitute for the special classical training importance is given to the following subjects:—

Science and its practical applications.

Modern languages.

Civics.

Modern international history, including the current history of to-day.

Arts and crafts as instruments of education, including woodwork in many branches.

Nature study, including the study of woodcraft.

Music and drawing as methods of self-expression.

(b) School journeys, both at home and abroad.

(c) Facilities for outdoor life and all bodily development, but with the usual athletic games supplemented by the addition of such recreations as sailing, sea-swimming, and outdoor "hobbies."

(d) Attempts to promote understanding of other countries and races with the object of extending sympathy to, and increasing knowledge of, all humanity.

The trust of the school is so arranged that no one can make private profit out of it, and the fees have been fixed at the lowest possible amount compatible with its maintenance, in order that poverty shall not be a bar. It is definitely an experimental attempt to combine the features of the public school which have best stood the test of time with the demands of the newer critics for change and reform in certain features.

We should be pleased to give fuller information to anyone interested in such an effort. Inquiries may be addressed to the Honorary Warden at Yellowsands, Bembridge.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BENTINCK

(Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck,  
President of the Society for  
Experiment and Research in  
Education),

J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE,  
CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN,  
GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D.,  
H. W. NEVINSON,  
NOEL BUXTON.

June 17th, 1920.

#### BRITISH RULE AND YOUNG INDIA.

SIR,—Your correspondent "An Edinburgh Indian," in your issue of June 19th, makes some observations, to which I shall, with your permission, offer a reply. He says that in India there are first-class compartments specially labelled "Reserved for Europeans." I have lived in India for twenty-five years and never seen such compartments. I make no apology for those Englishmen who treat Indians as if they were inferiors, but the complaint comes badly from the representative of a people who treat 60 millions of their fellow-countrymen as untouchables, refuse to eat with, or intermarry with people of lower castes, exclude the low castes from their temples, compel them to use separate wells, and to live in certain quarters of their towns and villages, and, by the exercise of social pressure, exclude their children from the State-aided schools. I shall give one sentence, uttered by a low-caste Hindu. "The European may treat us as inferiors, the Brahmin treats us as beasts." It is an extract from an Indian newspaper.

Your correspondent speaks of Englishmen living in spacious bungalows. He wishes your readers to infer that the Indian is so poor and so oppressed that he cannot, and dare not, live in spacious bungalows. I know two large towns in India very well, and the largest and most spacious bungalows outside the walls of these two cities are occupied and owned by Indians. It is only in comparatively recent years that well-to-do Indians, apart from Parsees, have realized the benefit of living in open houses. When the

practice of keeping wives in the seclusion of the parda is further weakened, the hope is that more well-to-do Indians will imitate their more enlightened brethren and seek the fresher air that is to be got outside their cities' walls.

Your correspondent speaks of the Olympian heights occupied by the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, that forbidden city within whose portals no Indian can enter. Is he ignorant of the fact that Lord Sinha is an Indian, that Indians sit upon the Indian Council in London, that Indians have sat and sit in the Viceroy's Council and the Councils of the Provincial Governors, that there are Indians in the I.C.S. and the I.M.S.? And in particular, when he talks of self-determination, why is he silent about the fact that by the end of this year the new Reform Act will be in operation? By that Act practically one-half the Ministers in the Viceroy's Council and the Councils of the Provincial Governors will be Indians, while the Imperial Legislative Assembly and the Provincial Assemblies will contain large majorities of Indians. These reforms are, in my opinion, overdue. My sympathies are with the Indian every time. It is their country, not ours. British rule has been responsible for many evils. It has been productive of much good. No purpose is served by suppression of the truth, or by perverting the real state of affairs. "An Edinburgh Indian" manifestly belongs to the Left wing of the Extremist Party. That party, I think, would not, as a whole, agree with the assertions he has made in his letter. But there is in India another party, the Moderate Party. They also are men who love their native land with as great a love and with more wisdom than your correspondent. And despite the piping of Mr. Gandhi, a well-meaning, but misguided patriot and mystic, despite the follies of Amritsar, for which Mr. Gandhi must bear the responsibility as well as General Dyer, these true patriots are resolved that they will do all that lies in their power to make the Reform Act a success. By so doing, and by sharing their political and governing capacity, they will prepare the way for still greater reforms.—Yours, &c.,

AN INDIAN SCOT.

#### VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,235	11	4
Osbert Mayer, Esq. (New York) ... ..	88	7	8
Anonymous (Madras) ... ..	4	0	0
Two parents at Stony Stratford .. ..	10	0	
	£1,328	9	0

#### Poetry

##### EVADNE.

I first tasted under Apollo's lips  
Love and love-sweetness,  
I Evadne;  
My hair is made of crisp violets  
Or hyacinth which the wind combs back  
Across some rock shelf;  
I Evadne  
Was mate of the god of light.

His hair was crisp to my mouth  
As the flower of the crocus,  
Across my cheek,  
Cool as the silver cress  
On Erotos' bank;  
Between my chin and throat  
His mouth slipped over and over.

Still between my arm and shoulder,  
I feel the brush of his hair,  
And my hands keep the gold they took  
As they wandered over and over  
That great arm-full of yellow flowers.

H. D.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- ✓ "Reminiscences of Leo Nicolayevitch Tolstoi." By Maxim Gorky. Authorized translation by S. S. Kotliansky and Leonard Woolf. (Hogarth Press. 5s.)
- "Notes on a Cellar-Book." By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
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\* \* \*

WE have our Histories of Free Thought and Histories of Progress and Histories of Conscience, but I have never observed in any publisher's list an announcement of a History of Cleverness. Yet surely it would be an original and taking theme. Think first of all what a playground for the analyst would be the definition of Cleverness. I shall certainly not attempt one; but I can see him devoting a whole chapter to the interpretation of the subtle phrase—"too clever by half"; I can see him relating the word to roguery on one side, to "smartness" on another, to ability on a third, to egotism on a fourth, to brain as distinguished from mind on a fifth, and so on; I can see him at his classification, perhaps defining the clever persons as the proletariat of the intellectual persons and indicating the lines of promotion; at his antitheses, finding stupidity as often the ally of cleverness as its opposite; at its social aspects, a clever, solitary being a kind of contradiction in terms; then would come the racial problem—the English, he would say, are not so clever a race as the Poles, the French, the Italians, or the Irish. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever, says the Englishman strong in his Philistinism. The other day there was a big cock-fighting match in Ireland, a charming exhibition which, had it taken place in England, would have been stopped by the police—a decided manifestation of dullness.

\* \* \*

THE most difficult part of the book would be concerned with the Intellectuals, who are at the apex of the hierarchy of cleverness. We are naturally more reverent of the things we understand the least, and the ample quotations supplied by the author would be read with a becoming and spontaneous awe—particularly the contemporary literary quotations, whose idiom and interests, being entirely remote from those of the reader, would receive from him what the priest expects from the uninitiated worshipper. Being a dull race, we are likewise a humble one, and when we read something which shows us how thoroughly dull we are, down goes the writer in our good books. Still, it is a trying business, and the older we get the more we shall feel the need of replacing this complicated vegetarian diet by something more substantial. We shall suddenly feel that we are losing time which can never be recovered, and that if we are going to find out anything about this mysterious world in which we live, its facts and the spirit behind the facts, and whether we can be of any use to it in its march towards a more mysterious goal, we had better look sharp. Such a time comes to every man who thinks for himself, and, according to circumstances, he will reject or accept it. If the latter, life will as suddenly become an eye-opener. As Whitman says:—

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,  
And the piemire is equally perfect, and the grain of sand,  
And the egg of the wren,  
And the tree-toad is a *chef d'œuvre* of the highest,  
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,  
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,  
And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue,  
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

How painful a thing is this eye-opener, from what comfortable havens does it drag our anchors, to what a life-long, sea-sick, never gratified voyage of discovery does it carry our frail cutter, and how terrifyingly all the old landmarks recede! In this distracting enterprise, the only thing we are quite sure of, little people as we are, is that we shall never go back of our own wills. Like boats towed behind some noble ship, we shall follow on the heels of the great:—

"Our souls whose faculties can comprehend  
The wondrous architecture of the world,  
And measure every wandering planet's course,  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
And always moving as the restless spheres,  
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest  
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all."

One remembers the wonderfully moving way in which the "Song of Roland" ends. The Emperor is old and tired and fain of rest after his many travails, when Gabriel comes to his bedside and calls him out on the road again:—

"Right loth to go, that Emperor was he:  
'God!' said the King: 'My life is hard indeed!'  
Tears filled his eyes, he tore his snowy beard."

We cannot all be Charlemagnes any more than we can all be Intellectuals, but Charlemagne marched with an army, and the humblest foot-soldier said with the poet:—

"When to the new eyes of thee  
All things by immortal power,  
Near or far,  
Hiddenly,  
To each other linked are,  
That thou canst not stir a flower,  
Without troubling of a star;  
When thy song is shield and mirror  
To the fair snake-curl'd Paim,  
Where thou dar'st affront her terror  
That on her thou may'st attain  
Perséan conquest; seek no more,  
O seek no more!

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

\* \* \*

ONE imagines that the poet wrote these lines because he felt them and in the simplest way wished to impart his feelings to others. His reading of the world was the same as Keats's reading and that of all the great poets and great men—that life is a "vale of soul-making" and that anything which gets in the way of that making is the Problem of Evil, however the intellectual cartographers may delimit the map of literature and denounce the desire of man for knowledge, truth, and wisdom, and his eagerness to impart what he learns in the best and clearest way to his fellow-men as the unpardonable sin against aesthetics. It is said of us as a race that we are shopkeepers, Philistines, pachydermatous to ideas, that foreigners are ahead of us in everything, that we are hostile to things of the mind—that, in brief, we are "dull, finite clods, untroubled by a spark." So they say, the Intellectuals, in return for the childlike and extravagant regard we pay to them. Maybe, but yet in our heavy-witted way we have always cared, and do still care, for the things of the spirit, and it is precisely this passion for reality, for the positive, free, and individual soul in its relations with the universe, which is the only meaning of the religious sense, that we overtop so many of the clever people who live on the Continent. It is all a matter of levels, and it is perhaps better to plod along one level than to skip on light, fantastic toe along another.

\* \* \*

It is true that this spirit is fond of hiding its light under a bushel. But there it is, and without it we should not have had our magnificent, if irregular, literature. And if for the time it has left literature, still we may trace it by odd and devious paths. We fought an unjust war with the Boer—but we do not treat the native as he does. We make a sad mess of Ireland—but we do not tolerate cock-fighting. Our tradesmen sweat with greed, but from us has come the idea of the League of Nations. We are afflicted by a grotesque Government, but we should not quite stomach a D'Annunzio. We were the accomplice in an evil Peace, but even now we have one statesman who does not reconcile force against the weaker with justice. We are not very clever, but we yet maintain a spark of vision on our hearths.

H. J. M.

## Reviews.

## IBSEN.

It is in Ibsen's third period, where symbolism gradually conquers and the action of the plays is almost at once merged in mental analysis, that the great individualist turns to deal with the question that has been in the background of his mind all through: how is individualism, that supreme expression of the man, without which there is no man, to be reconciled with the spirit of solidarity, without which the human race cannot achieve its purpose? "So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being." This, that Ibsen wrote to Björnson, was to him always the truth. For the boast of a man is ultimately this: "I am unique, whoever I am, for through me alone can the world-will find itself—in one of its channels of expression. If I go unexpressed for ever, then one aspect of the life-force must also go unexpressed, also for ever." This is strange teaching to a world that, shouting self-denial, self-abnegation, has lived but for one purpose, to heap up possessions.

The sole sign of health to-day is that some of us are beginning to be ashamed of the belly-crawling humility of ideal that has been, fitly enough, combined with the purpose of the man with the muck-rake. We begin to understand, as Brandes did not, what he wrote of Ibsen—"the one thing he really believes in and respects is personality," that is, the self-realization of the man who has found himself. Find yourself, says Ibsen, and all the rest shall be added unto you, even a healthy social system. If you live a lie, even if you persist in it for the supposed well-being of the whole, you are doing evil to all. But generally to apply this principle is to cause the dissolution of society as it now is. For "do you believe that what is worm-eaten has any real power of resistance?"

But if society is dissolved, what becomes of that principle of collectivism which runs parallel all through the human story with the principle of individualism? When these two are reconciled, even though it be at infinity, the third kingdom, of which Ibsen wrote in "Emperor and Galilean," will be at hand. We should like to see some indication of the way in which this reconciliation may be effected.

In his third period, of "Little Eyolf," "The Master Builder," and "John Gabriel Borkman," Ibsen turns his attention to this question. The conclusion to which he comes—at times—is very simple: it is that human nature turns as naturally towards joy and satisfaction as a plant towards light. At first it seeks this joy by injuring others—and the joy fails to satisfy. Ultimately it learns—through infinite experiment, which is where the Button-moulder comes in—that it can only find satisfaction when it acts for the good of others. The world-will works towards its own full satisfaction through the *bonté primitive* of each unit. "Little Eyolf" is created by selfish passion, by two who had only taken the first step towards finding themselves: through his unregarded life his parents learn the great law. They turn, through the service of children, upwards. They face "a heavy day of work" in developing themselves in service. It is a picture in brief of the racial task, because it is the reconciliation of egotism and collectivism, full development for full service.

That this statement of the doctrine, "Know thyself," was expressed by Ibsen mainly in his women characters has been a puzzle to his critics, particularly to those male critics in whom more or less kindly contempt for women is second nature. For it is only men of first-rate calibre who understand the potentialities of women's position. Mr. Ellis Roberts, however, who roundly states that Ibsen's bias towards women's power is a misfortune, yet gives one of the true reasons for this stressing of the woman as the emergent spirit of the new time. It is, he says, because nowhere except among the poor, the criminals, and the women could Ibsen find a class of natural individualists. That is true. Men, not women, have built the State in its present form. Women have been merely used as the centre of the arch for which the structure was built. For all through history, but especially during the age of machine production, women have formed the class that has offered itself to the highest bidder as the

most expensive commodity that wealth could buy, while at the same time professing and often practising excessive self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. At its extremes the sex has excelled in courtesans and saints, and in both rôles has delighted the male, sometimes the same male. That is the extent of their crime, one due to apathy, to the line of least resistance principle. They have acquiesced in man's plan for them, but underneath they have preserved the power to laugh at form and ceremony, at that law and order which is the fetich of the male.

This is certainly one reason why Ibsen considered it conceivable that it would be woman, not man, who would first awake and find her own soul. Another reason is certainly that, if an honest world is ever to be built, we must begin with the springs of life, with the new generations as they appear on the stage. And woman works in life itself. It takes something more than mere begetting to make a human being, and over that making of a man the woman's soul broods. Poisoning here is poisoning the spring at its source. And spiritual reality begins with honesty, with beginning at the beginning, with a man's self. How can he build a real world who is not himself real? Real men mean real mothers, but now every generation is spoilt by the corruption of its guardians, its guardians who have been deliberately corrupted. The only beginning anew that has the slightest chance is—beginning with the women. That is why that banging of the door in "The Doll's House" reverberated through Europe, why "Ghosts" sent a shiver through the moralists who have for so long been engaged in their favorite occupation of painting corruption and calling it sound.

And even now it is not on record that the Board of Education has specially advised a course of Ibsen in every girls' school in the country. Ibsen, at any rate, had no doubt that, if society was to be saved, it would be saved by the women. To the Norwegian Feminist Society he said frankly in 1898: "It is the women who will solve the problem of humanity. They will do it as mothers. And it is solely in their capacity as mothers that they will succeed."

But the question must needs arise here as to whether the women of Ibsen's plays have anywhere their models—it is his own word—in actual life. And if one looks out over the world of women to-day, voting or voteless, one would say, "No, Ibsen's women are not the women I see here." For the old are complacent and buried in purely narrow cares, and the young are as conventional as their education—except in self-indulgence. Neither old nor young are alert as Ibsen's women are, both in goodness and badness. But we know now where Ibsen found the originals of the two types of women he painted, the strong, purposeful women and the devoted ones whose self is expressed only in the "love-life," so that when that has been killed they, too, are dead.

He found the former type in his wife, Susanna Thoresen, and the latter in her sister, Marie. His wife, who alone approved of "Love's Comedy," his satire on conventional marriage, he describes in these words: "She is exactly the character desiderated by a man of mind—she is illogical, but has a strong poetic instinct, a broad and liberal mind, and an almost violent antipathy to all petty considerations." To how many women in the plays is not that last phrase a clue? Fru Ibsen is the Silent Woman, *par excellence*, of literature, but her silence yet speaketh, and louder far than the tongue or the pen of the many speaking women. On that strong soul, and on that of her sister, playing infinite variations on what he saw, Ibsen built his earlier women, whereas the zest and freakish frankness of the younger generation were caught partly from Emilie Bardach of Vienna and partly, no doubt, from those sheaves and sheaves of letters he received from the women whom Fru Ibsen warned him to keep at arm's length. But this new conception of woman and her place, the impetus to which was first given in Ibsen's mind by Fru Clara Collett, the novelist, was but part of the general movement then setting in towards individualism, or that principle of "find thyself." And it is a psychological fact that, although you may find a Hedda Gabler by observation, you will only discover Nora, Mrs. Alving, Lona Hessel, Gina, Hilda, Ellida, Ella Rentheim, and the greatest of them all, Rebecca West, where Ibsen found them—in a woman's heart. You need not go far to find the heart, if you are a woman. Your own will do. For these women may not yet

be out in the world, but their spiritual counterparts are in being. Go deeper and yet deeper and you will certainly find women whose honesty is the foundation of their natures. And honesty is the one feature Ibsen's great women have in common.

For he is not of those who despair of the stuff of life. Society, as he sees it, is built on rotten foundations, but a revolution in the spirit of man—of which he does not despair as long as there are women in existence—will change all that. This man with a hammer shares with women, in fact, that trust in the purposes of the life-force without which they could not have continued all down the ages to brood over its origins. He lived in a time when the energy of self-expression was turning from form to consciousness: that being so, he could not but foresee that a great part was to be played by woman.

In his three stages, Solness, the Master Builder, built churches, houses for men to live in, and, finally, houses with steeples. The last it was that killed him. Nor is the symbolism here without application to Ibsen's life. For when he climbed high up the steeple which was his idealism, he often turned giddy, often could see nothing "out beyond" but cloud. Does he base his hope for a sound society on woman? It is true; but does he not also realize that there is no creature on earth more instinctively earth-bound than she?

For the problem is this: the human beings who will save the world must be dominant personalities, and yet must use their power for the common good. But woman is a creature bound, even more than man, to blind instincts: a being of sex, she allows herself to be used and therefore does not direct. She is a straw in so many currents, used by passion, used by idealism, used by greed, herself a prize for greed and an inspirer of greed. Aase, at the very start, trains Peer to escape from reality by telling lies to himself; Dora is a plaything; Mrs. Alving lives but to lie and complains when it is all too late; Hedda Gabler shrinks from living because she has no notion of what to live may mean; Rita is a sensualist whose child has to die to wake her; Hilda is a child with a healthy conscience who uses it as a bird of prey. Ella Rentheim is a mere tool. In all the plays only two women freely act and freely choose, and both are freed by a man. Ellida, the lady from the sea, being tossed into air, finds her wings and—herself. That is what Ibsen says—free her, and she will save. She must take her own way, find her own genius. But man must free her. And that is the devil of it, because at bottom she is the creature he fears more than anything else. When she refuses to be used, she is at the turning of the ways: it is her motherhood that will teach her then which way to take. But man as an idealist makes the sort of fool of himself that Gregers Werle did when he thrust his "truths" down everybody's throat. The central woman figure in each play is tested by the mother spirit, taking that to mean the spirit of care and guardianship: Agnes in "Brand" dies torn between the claims of physical and spiritual motherhood; Aase worships this principle in lies and Solveig in truth; Dora is potential motherhood; Hedda, shrinking from life, commits spiritual murder of the man who has been mothered by her rival; Gina, the cast-off mistress, is the only one in a mad group who keeps her feet on the solid rock of sanity through her gift for motherhood; Rita is ultimately saved by a revolution of her spirit brought about by the intervention of a child. Ibsen, the "pathologist," is in fact the supreme creator of the woman as mother: he has been misunderstood simply because, in his view, the true mother will be a master spirit, dominant, far-seeing, because she always faces the to-come and "the dark o' the world." And men have, in general, never thought of motherhood, or of womanhood, in such terms as these. But Rebecca West, the second woman who finds her freedom in the plays, sums up the whole; she is the Alpha and Omega of womanhood. Through infinitely degraded ways she comes to mastery, through lawless "love," through murder and passionate egotism, she rises stage by stage to dominance of intellect, to the realization of a spiritual ideal and to final sacrifice in the service of that ideal. She rises, led by the man who is to her, first inspirer, then leader, and finally, the being led—because he has supreme need of her greatness. Ibsen is in love with beauty in its highest form, the spiritual: he finds the ultimate

possibilities of this in the woman, the mother-spirit, that may be. His personalities move in mental air, they cannot disregard the question of moral values. Gone for ever is the earlier golden world; Rosalind has given place to Rebecca. We cannot fleet the time carelessly any more in Ibsen's world because in it we realize that "that man is right who has allied himself most closely with the future." Never has misunderstanding of a master mind been more tragic than in Ibsen's case.

He lived so strangely close to the future that his prophecies of public events have been often curiously fulfilled. Of France, in 1871, he says, "the old, illusory France has collapsed, and as soon as the new real Prussia does the same, we shall be with one bound in the new age. How ideas will then come tumbling about our ears—" Again, of Russia he says, "a splendid country! think of all the grand oppression they have!—only think of the glorious love of liberty it engenders." Of the Paris Commune he writes, in 1871: "The idea is ruined for many a day. Yet it has a sound kernel, that I see clearly; and some day it will be put into practice without any caricature." Looking into the far distant future the great individualist says this: "The State must be abolished. In that revolution I will take part—the State has its root in Time: it will have its culmination in Time. Greater things than it will fall; all religion will fall. Neither the conceptions of morality nor those of art are eternal."

This is the spirit of the man who goes on, who cannot see men bounded by limits, but who is, when inland, always sick, like his Lady from the Sea, for the great winds and tides, for that mysterious interweaving of life and death, of present, past, and future which consciousness presents to those who question her most persistently. He trusts himself like a bird in air to the infinite possibilities of experience: "Who will vouch for it that two and two do not make five in Jupiter?" With every new play he produced there was left "a tolerably compact crowd," but he himself was no longer there; he was elsewhere, further ahead.

It is perhaps because he moved so quickly that we cannot feel him as a person. He is like the sea and sky: it is impossible to grasp him.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

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About the discursive nature of the elder Watkin's reading there can be no manner of doubt, for his diary records him, day by day, for more than fifty years "turning some pages," not only of Gibbon, Robertson, Blair, Burke, Reid on the Mind, &c., &c., but also of Montaigne, Milton, Dryden, Pope, "Tristram Shandy," Cowper, "Gil Blas," not to say Miss Edgeworth, Sir Walter Scott, De Quincey, and Dickens. *Nulla dies sine linea*. Indeed there was nothing this Manchester man could not read, not even Josephus, "that learned Jew"! He was, indeed, to be congratulated upon a catholicity of taste that secured him, from first to last, a happy life. As his financial position seems always to have been secure (though he occasionally grumbles at "growing competition"), we cannot, indeed, be certain that this indiscriminate love of reading would have been proof against pecuniary anxiety. But good luck attended him, and he was never called upon, as was his more famous Liverpool contemporary, William Roscoe, to part with his "fine library."

As a man of letters Watkin cannot truthfully be compared with Roscoe, who has got into "Bohn's Library," or, indeed, with such literates of his own city as Dr. John Byrom, poet and stenographer, or Dr. John Ferriar, whose "Illustrations of Sterne" are still read with delight, or Alexander Ireland, the authority on Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, for all that can be said on Watkin's behalf is that he loved reading for its own sake, and that reading made him happy.

We are not told where or how Absalom was educated. Perhaps he had no regular education; which may account for that enduring love of reading which so puzzled his neighbors. There are, however, some advantages in education, and it is just a little trying to discover, as we peruse the diary, that this inveterate reader never seems to have got hold of the fact that taste in books is something to be acquired by reflection and cannot be determined by a simple reference to the reader's own likes or dislikes. Mr. Watkin was over-disposed to treat himself, seated in his fine library, as the true and only touchstone of taste. Although this freedom from authority imparts independence to his judgments, it occasionally leads him to impinge on the absurd. For example:—

"May 31, 1820. Concluded 'Humphrey Clinker.' This novel pleases me better than any other of Smollett's. It has none of the gross indelicacy and even lewdness of his other novels. The characters are well sustained, and the incidents not improbable. The reflections with which the work abounds give me great pleasure. It was a favorite with me at an early age, and continues to be so. I place the novel in my small list of the writings of this class which deserve to be read again and again. At present I think the following deserve this character: 'Gil Blas,' 'Devil on Two Sticks,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' 'Tom Jones,' 'Rasselas,' 'Joseph Andrews,' 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Vicar of Wakefield.'"

Despite the patronizing tone, this is all sensible enough, but Mr. Watkin adds by way of postscript: "I have not yet determined to add 'Don Quixote' to this list"! What was the ultimate fate of the unlisted Cervantes we are never told.

To admire by tradition, or, worse still, by advertisement, is a very poor thing, for whilst honest opinion, however bad, has some value, a sham one can never have any; yet for a man to be able to sit in judgment upon a national verdict supported by the whole weight of centuries of sound criticism, and to handle "Don Quixote" as if it were a cotton sample just arrived from Liverpool, argues a measure of insensibility which must deprive Mr. Watkin's diary of any critical celebrity. But what does that matter? From 1816 almost to his death in 1861, Mr. Watkin enjoyed an author for no better reason than because he enjoyed reading him, and never seems to have entertained the least doubt as to the capacity or authority of the tribunal which sat permanently enthroned in his own breast. He criticizes Milton for being at times in the course of his epic "absurd" and "censurable," but of his sublimity he has no doubt. "Milton has many passages of great sublimity"; and so in truth he has.

Mr. Watkin was, however, more than a cotton merchant and a great reader. Following the example of Roscoe in Liverpool, he took an active part in the proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and was one of the founders of the Manchester Athenæum.

Readers of Mr. Keibel's "Selected Speeches" of Lord Beaconsfield will remember in the second volume Disraeli's address, delivered in 1844, to this very Athenæum on the

subject of "The Value of Literature to Men of Business," not only for its inherent interest, but for an amazing misprint that occurs on p. 626, where Gray's line

"Fields that cool Missus laves,"

is rendered "Fields that cool Ulyssus loves." However, it is not for me, of all men, to call attention to misprints.

Mr. Watkin was present on this great occasion:—

"October 3rd, 1844. The annual soirée of the Athenæum held in the Free Trade Hall. D'Israeli in the Chair. Lord John Manners and the Hon. G. F. P. S. Smythe were amongst the speakers. D'Israeli gave a good address, but there was no good speaking, and none of the speakers knew what to do with their hands."

Watkin was fond of the theatre, and some of his reminiscences are, as indeed such memories usually are, very attractive. Although apparently no traveller, save in his library chair, he gives us some vivacious accounts of his walks in London in 1818 and 1821 that make good reading, and form a diversion from a too perpetual "turning a few pages" of "Reid on the Mind" or "Locke on the Understanding."

As a politician Watkin was a very moderate Liberal, and perhaps the most stirring episode in his quiet life was a somewhat acrimonious correspondence with his friend John Bright in 1854 on the Crimean War. Watkin warmly approved of this unlucky war, and as he had Vattel on his shelves, based his justification upon the statements of that once esteemed author, for whom, however, and for whose "Law of Nations" Bright had a contempt not exactly bred by any great familiarity with the theme, but on "first principles." This vigorous correspondence has been reprinted in an appendix.

Altogether this diary cannot fail to give pleasure to those readers who (like the present writer) nurture in their hearts, despite a long residence in London, a love of the provinces, and of the varied life that is led in them.

A. B.

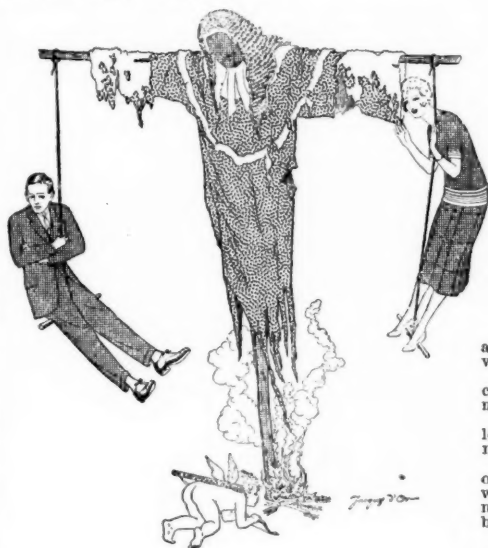
#### THE AUSTRALIANS' SHARE.

"The Australian Victories in France in 1918." By Lieut.-General Sir JOHN MONASH. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

WHEN a general sits down to write the story of his exploits it seems to be inevitable that he should lose his sense of perspective, forget the reservations that mark his success, and minimize or depreciate the work of others. Sir John Monash, who is certain to take high rank as a tactician in the final estimate of military achievements in the war, is no exception. He commanded, in the decisive stage of the war, a wonderful body of troops, men among the very flower of our race by natural selection, and these still further selected with care from voluntary recruits. Abnormal in physique, distinguished by initiative and enterprise, is it any wonder that these men achieved more, proportionately, than their fellows? But we must not forget that they had other advantages which the Imperial troops could not claim. Divisions in the main bulk of the army were passed through corps, so that they never came to feel that inspiring thing, its unique and individual spirit. The decisive period of the Australians' history saw them a homogeneous army, well acquainted with their officers, developing a characteristic tactical method under the same men. Where the Germans loaned out their shock troops in handfuls, the Australians were able to form a "shock army" of some 200,000 men. And Sir John Monash is frank about his demands as to the environment of his first great attack. He "expressed the hope" that he would not have a French corps on his right flank! The Canadians made no such reservation in the battle of Amiens, and no Imperial corps commander would have thought of it. So, therefore, when we find Sir John setting forth the captures of the Australian army as 2.42 that of the rest of the British army, and the territory traversed in a similar ratio, we must remember his unique chance and abnormal demand; and we feel that this touch of ungracious and unfair comparison is perhaps not deliberately made or meant.

But, making these allowances, we must admit that General Monash has written a memorable book, and its simplicity, against which we fear the majority of our generals will be too much on their guard, adds to its useful-

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BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Occasionally in life some of us may imagine that we have found a new affinity. And if we are clever we eventually discover the inevitable homicidal or suicidal instinct.

At the moment I possess a spiritual affinity with George Washington.

Truth is my playfellow . . . amusing, exhilarating, ruthless, and devastating. A wonderful fire to play with.

By flaunting the challenge of Truth one takes the most exciting gamble in life. For in confounding others one must take the risk of damning oneself or reigning supreme.

Against the cold steel of Truth the flimsy shield of Hypocrisy is helpless. Yet in these "cultured" twentieth century days only the few are brave enough to speak it or to live it.

Politically, Truth has ceased to exist . . . if, at any time, it ever did exist.

Socially, the fabric of society is so thin, it can never bear the weight of Truth, so it carries the lies that are as transparent as "my lady's dress."

I write Truth because it is the only way in which I can write. And just because Truth is unusual it appears original.

In my personal life, when I speak it, regardlessly . . . torrentially, the shock is electrifying, and the effects are amazing . . . and sometimes disastrous.

Yet, although Truth has its crudity, although it may offend delicacy, it is majestic in its strength.

And when one is completely triumphant in Truth, one will achieve as the reward . . . a splendid isolation.

I had intended to write about the high cost of clothes . . . quite an important subject now . . . but got carried away with a thought more vital.

But I will make a statement of Truth, which will sound like a colossal lie. It is a cold commercial statement, so the uncommercial minds should not squander time in reading it.

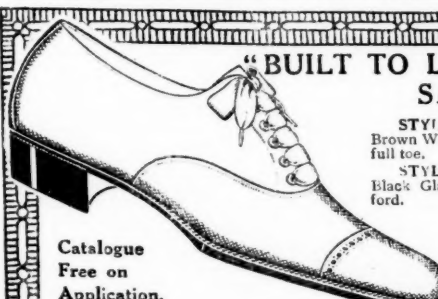
The prices charged by this House read high, but they are ridiculously low. Nearly every suit sold to-day is sold at prices below the present market cost to produce.

I am no longer an altruist, and do not pose as a philanthropist. The only reason the prices here are at all sane is that most of the stock was bought nearly a year ago, and since then materials have advanced nearly 100 per cent. If these materials were bought now it would not be possible to sell a good suit under twenty guineas.

I loathe such mad prices, but now-a-days everything and everybody seems mad . . . including possibly myself . . . a possibility that does not appeal to me, for if I was completely sane I should be entirely stupid.

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ness as a military study. The battle orders are given as though unique, and they are a welcome addition. The Australians took a principal share in saving Amiens in March, and in its release in August; theirs was the almost impossible capture of Mont St. Quentin, the victory at Bony, at Bellicourt Tunnel, and Montbrehain. It was the time of fruition in the whole army; and in commending the splendid success at Amiens on August 8th we must remember that the Canadians did as well on the same occasion, and that the tank attack was first used by Byng months before, and first decisively used by Mangin in the preceding July. But Sir John Monash apologizes for the personal note, and we may leave it at that. His book is the nearest approach to a just record that has yet come from a British pen.

#### THE MODERN HISTORIAN.

"Factors in Modern History." By A. F. POLLARD. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

UNTIL we came to the last chapter in Professor Pollard's book, we pictured him as a singularly fortunate and happy professor, delivering the lectures, now perpetuated in this volume, to rows of smiling young faces in the University of London. Nothing could be brighter than history in the hands of Professor Pollard. He begins his lectures upon the sixteenth and seventeenth century by telling his audience that he is not there to give them facts, but to stimulate their imaginations: it is not the fact, but the meaning behind the fact, which has historical value. Facts, of course, are dull things and do not lend themselves easily to the epigram and paradox, while the meaning of facts can be readily conveyed to the student in the scintillating generalization or the brilliant induction.

And Professor Pollard is as good as his word. His lectures are as bright and as stimulating as that weekly stream of articles and reviews in which our modern journals "of political and social thought" seek to supply ideas to people who are too busy or too idle or too disillusioned to think for themselves. We already knew Mr. Pollard for a skilful journalist, and here we found him carrying into his lecture room all the technique which journalism has invented as a trap for the wandering attention and an antidote for the endemic boredom of our jaded generation. The little story in the first paragraph, the epigram which conceals the *cliché*, the pithy generalization, the perverse paradox, the *ex cathedra* omniscience, even the dexterity of rapid transition from one subject to another and one paragraph to another which is the highest achievement of modern journalism—all these qualities, combined in Professor Pollard's historical lectures, would, we imagined, have been sufficient to fill his lecture room. But his last lecture and chapter revealed the fact that modern history was, at the time when this book was first published, the "Cinderella of London University." From 1896 to 1902 only six candidates, who were actually the products of London University, obtained a class in the separate examination in history for the B.A. Honors degree. These figures seemed to indicate that either Professor Pollard's audience was scanty or that the examiners did not share the lecturer's views on historical facts and methods. And then in a series of footnotes we discovered a curious and interesting fact. After 1905 the study of history in the University of London suddenly began to flourish, and between that year and 1911 the number of students reading for Honors actually increased fourteen-fold. The interesting question is whether it was Professor Pollard who, in these smart little lectures, sowed the seed which a decade later produced so fine a crop of young historians. If so, then it must be admitted that his historical methods are to some extent justified, for it is certainly an important duty of a professor to attract and to keep pupils.

And yet the modern historian, as exemplified in this book, leaves us in some doubt and discomfort. Is it really necessary or wise for the historian to go to the journalist for his method and his technique? These airy and most readable chapters of Professor Pollard, in each of which the meaning of immensely complicated political and social facts is pronounced in lightning sketches

and *obiter dicta*, may stimulate thought, but it is doubtful whether thought working in *vacuo* has any value. Facts are dull things, but they ought to form the material of historical thought and the medium in which it functions. But Professor Pollard forgets the facts in his enthusiasm for their meaning. Almost any page opened at random will prove this. Take his generalization on pages 243 and 244 that colonial empires, founded deliberately with imperialism as their conscious and primary object, have not been successful. The history of modern French imperialism is sufficient to disprove the generalization, but Professor Pollard, in his eagerness for the bright meaning of facts, has no time to stop and consider the history of, say, the French African Empire: and so he dismisses the obvious objection by telling his pupils that this empire is neither colonial nor successful. That may be clever journalism, but is it history?

#### NEW VERSE.

"Aurelia and other Poems." By ROBERT NICHOLS. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

"Poems." By IRIS TREE. (Lane. 6s. net.)

"Poems New and Old." By JOHN FREEMAN. (Selwyn & Blount. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. NICHOLS's new volume contains a few lyrics, a number of semi-narrative poems, and the sonnet-sequence, "Aurelia," its most resolute adventure. The resemblance of these twenty-seven sonnets to Shakespeare's is obviously deliberate, and it extends beyond the literary form, the nature of the material, the expression of a particular emotional distraction and division, and the rhythm, to the very phrasing of the language. For the winter of our discontent Mr. Nichols has: "Now that the summer of our love is past"; his love is an angel-devil, and again, "a human angel or noble devil"; his freedom from her is a curse, his thrall a joy, and his "outward heaven hides an inward hell," while a sonnet which begins:—

"When the proud World does most my world despise,  
Vaunting what most my human heart must grieve,  
Choosing what most I value to disprize,  
Deriding most that which I most believe,"

might be given a correct origin even by a Member of Parliament. We commend the experiment—Shakespeare is not a totem sign to be approached on abject hands and knees, and Mr. Nichols has mastered the Shakespearean content extremely well. Moreover, the comparative severity of the form is what he needs to gain strength and lucidity, for Mr. Nichols's verse suffers from a kind of nervous cerebration which has always misused his gifts and caused his poetic expression to achieve everything impressive, striking, and notable except poetry. Yet his sonnet-sequence, in spite of its grace of style, technical dexterity, and communicable ease of idiom, remains an experiment. Mr. Nichols's Dark Lady is conceived of the brain, Shakespeare's of the mind and heart, and the one is the palest phantom beside the other—an emanation of literature, no creature of terrible life and consuming reality. Mr. Nichols deserves the full appreciation of his readers for what he has done, and their full realization of the difficulties of the process. But we enjoy the sonnets as a mental spectacle, excellent in their fashion but without a trace of the personal actuality or the universal vision which Shakespeare's testament of flesh and spirit gave the world. Elsewhere, Mr. Nichols gives us a poetic experience of great distinction and accomplishment. But he does not carry us beyond a literary consciousness; he has not achieved that absorption in, and power over, his material which, when we meet it, demands and receives an instant recognition and makes us forget that it has anything to do with literature.

Miss Iris Tree's volume is not so much bound to the convention of "Wheels" as we should have expected, and she has succeeded in freeing herself from exploiting a mannerism. Of the world without hope to which she surrenders all her poetic loyalty, she writes with power, feeling, and complete sincerity. Such a grisly world is really the negation of all poetry, which cannot say "no" and live, and when Miss Tree writes: "I am most weary of the petulant songs I sing," she cannot altogether

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blame us for sharing her weariness. Yet she has such command of her instrument that her verse is wasted on these sterile, subterranean regions, populated with "brooding phantoms," "sighing shadowy sighs" as they drift this "feverish vacancy" in "the bottomless depth of my boredom." Occasionally we suspect Miss Tree of writing with her tongue in her cheek, but her opiate, sultry lines do breathe a real lassitude of soul:—

"Lulled are the dazzling colors of the day,  
And mild the heavens, burnt out like an ash.  
Hungry and strange along the shadowed dusk  
Walks Melancholy, and with bitter mouth  
Sucks the last juices from the sun's ripe fruit."

And:—

"Your face to me is like a beautiful city,  
Dreaming forever by the rough wild sea.  
And I the ship upon a wilderness of waves  
Heavily laden with memories. . . ."

"For you," she writes elsewhere, "the heart's wild love, beauty, long care, virginity, passionate womanhood, perfected wholeness." . . . "You, flabby, boneless, brainless, senseless, soulless." Miss Tree speaks with the voice of a minor, more personal "B.V."—with this difference, that the one had faith in life, however he denied it, and the other has none. Miss Tree genuinely denies the validity of everything, including the validity of saying so, and her poetry is a true reflection of modern tendencies. But her sepulchral chants have an incisive force of their own.

"His (the poet's) work must be the outcome of delight in the perception of the truth's existence, not of any desire to impart it," says a reviewer of Mr. Freeman's capacious volume, and this absurdity unconsciously takes the measure of Mr. Freeman's deficiency as a poet. He cannot impart. We recognize that he has a number of poetic talents (no more than talents)—he is sincere, he has some technique, a real, if narrow, seriousness of mind, and a poetic calm not without dignity and stateliness. Yet in a volume of over 300 pages of verse, he cannot once move us, he cannot make a mass of inert syllables brisk up and "walk and talk" with us. They are just words in a certain rhythmical order—inorganic words. These lines are characteristic of the volume:—

"The joyous morning ran and kissed the grass,  
And drew his fingers through her sleeping hair.  
And cried, 'Before thy flowers are well awake,  
Rise, and the lingering darkness from thee shake.'"

And so following on by mildly reflective musings, refined, pleasant in their way, and the fruit of a spirit clipped of its wings by a certain spiritual self-sufficiency, and lacking broad and passionate vision. Mr. Freeman, in fact, lacks the art of communication, and to that we must attribute his failure to rise from the security of a poetic group rather than to a misunderstanding of his respectable qualities. His verse has a Sundayish air, as though any dynamic force or character were an unmannerly intrusion upon its rather tenuous amenities. And assuredly he writes far too much, incautiously following the custom of the age to turn the writing of verse into a hobby. We may quote the first stanza of "Imagination," which has real charm:—

"To make a fairer,  
A kinder, a more constant world than this,  
To make time longer  
And love a little stronger."

But essentially his verse is the product of a dull mind.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Black Man's Burden." By E. D. MOREL. (National Labor Press. 3s. 6d.)

MR. MOREL believes that the moment is propitious for the birth of an international conscience in regard to Africa, and we hope it is. This sad book tells of the great wrong which the white peoples have inflicted upon the black. The retort that a soulless economic exploitation has at least prevented suffering inflicted by black upon black is only a bad joke. No argument for imperialism can be made in face of a record so hideous as this. Mr. Morel sketches in broad outline, but with convincing data, the differing causes and motives which have inspired white

activities in Africa and their effects upon the African peoples—the stories of the ferocious slave trade, of Southern Rhodesia, German South-West Africa, Morocco, Tripoli, the Congo Free State, French Congo, and Angola and the "Cocoa Islands." He describes the struggles for supremacy, how sovereign rights were acquired by European Governments, and the white administrative policies. It is a record of sorrow, and nothing the white man can do in atonement for his black brother can wipe away the memory of those centuries of wrong. Mr. Morel has a policy as well as an indictment. He shows what a League of Nations could do to protect tropical Africa. The mandatory purpose is limited by the Peace Treaty, so far as Africa is concerned, to former German possessions. If the policy of international control is to be extended, special provision must be made. Militarization of the African tropics can be accomplished by their being placed under perpetual neutrality. If selfish national interests cannot be subordinated to major international interest, then hope vanishes. Civilization must, as Mr. Morel says, rise to the height of a self-denying ordinance. Short of neutralization, Mr. Morel asks that the stipulations of the Covenant affecting the former German Dependencies should be applied to the whole tropical region, although the stipulation regarding "military training of the natives for other than police purposes and the defence of territory" would need amendment, as it leaves the door open to evils the Covenant professes to guard against. Mr. Morel's scheme of administration cannot be summarized briefly. It demands the attentive study of political thinkers.

\* \* \*

"A Guildsman's Interpretation of History." By ARTHUR J. PENTY. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

BELIEVERS in the Marxian theory of history and critics of that theory have increased remarkably during the past ten years. The economic interpretation is a hard one to dispute, and those of us who feel to-day we could be done with theorizing for ever and would be thankful for a ready-made, cast-iron explanation of all things, which could be used in every circumstance without our being forced to bother our heads about it, are still sceptical of finding the secret of social fate coiled within the material things of life. Anybody not entirely convinced that the hearts and heads of men and women have nothing to do with social change and revolutions, who are still a little doubtful that the tools by which men earn their bread and build their houses are the bases of their religion and their politics, will give a welcome to Mr. Penty's attempt to disprove the materialist theory. We always thought it somewhat overdone by Marxian disciples, but seldom hinted our doubts in their presence. Mr. Penty helps to fortify us. He is one of the leading exponents of the Guild Socialist movement, and here he has written a history from the guildsman's point of view. He shows the historical significance of the movement by running rapidly through the stories of Greece and Rome and the Middle Ages, and emphasizing the things which are of importance to the Guild theory. He holds that the class-war idea is a false one, and that Marx's "heresies" gain credence only because Capitalism has undermined the great traditions. We suspect him at times of running too fast. Not content with a good argument, he endeavors to discredit Marx's great work by such a quibble as that he did not foresee the war. Marx believed that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine would lead to a great war. But Mr. Penty thinks that this does not acquit him of false prophecy because "the war that he foresaw was a war of revenge in which France was to be the aggressor and had nothing to do with industrial development, which this one certainly had." It will be observed that Mr. Penty has something of a knock-me-down method in handling the historical "facts" he interprets. He talks at times rather like a lawyer with a brief. Some of us, who still hesitate in making up our minds about the causes of the war we lived through, will never be quite certain about what happened in the Middle Ages even when we have so confident an informant as Mr. Penty. Still, he has written a clear and thoughtful book which can be commended to the attention of everyone who desires a social state in which decency and dignity will not be regarded as out of place.



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N. 3

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## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

IN spite of the appearance here and there of a slightly improved tone there was no increase in business in the stock markets in the early days of the week. Easier Lombard Street conditions after the turn of the half-year served to remove immediate anxiety as to dearer money. But the thoughts of the House were mainly concentrated upon the debate on the Excess Profits Duty in the Commons, and certain optimists were to be found who were banking on the Chancellor being forced, by the fierceness of the opposition, to abate at least something of the increase. Undoubtedly a cut of this duty would produce recovery in the markets in general and even buoyancy in some. But the optimists were overrating the strength of the opposition and were confounded by the event. The concessions that have been made are valuable to certain interests, but are quite insufficient to revive the drooping spirits of the City, and it is difficult indeed to foresee from what quarter any influence may come within reasonable time to brighten the general investment outlook. Those who concentrate upon the demand for the Chancellor's head on a charger, and harbor hopes of better things if Mr. Chamberlain goes, forget that the Excess Profits Duty increase was a Cabinet decision.

The abnormal reduction in the proportion of reserve to liabilities shown by last week's Bank of England returns was due entirely to the monetary scramble to cover obligations connected with the turn of the year. When the end of June was once safely past, funds became plentiful enough in Lombard Street, and doubtless to-day's Bank return will show substantial improvement.

## THE HOME RAILWAY POSITION.

The Home Railway market does not seem to have made up its mind yet how to take the new proposals of Sir E. Geddes. They are certainly complex, and need careful investigation. They will require legislation for which time is not likely to be found just yet, and stockholders may have to wait for the Parliamentary debates—possibly in the autumn—for elucidation of doubtful points. Such being the case, holders would be well advised to keep possession of their stocks for the present. They return excellent yields at present, and it would be none too easy to invest the money realized by their sale to better advantage just now. Moreover, at first glance, the new proposals carry with them a considerable measure of hope. If the scheme is put into action in the way that Sir E. Geddes hopes, then there ought not to be much doubt as to the maintenance of pre-war dividends; while it is at least possible that economies achieved by fusion will permit of additions to dividend rates. Of course, it is too early yet to see clearly in the matter, but on the whole there seems no reason for stockholders to think that they will suffer, and at least some reason to hope for better times and consequent capital appreciation.

## LONDON CORPORATION ISSUE.

The Corporation of London is offering £3,500,000 of 5½ per cent. stock at the issue price of £94½ for £100. The stock is redeemable at par in 1928. This is an investment which, for several reasons, Londoners should not miss. In the first place, it is, of course, gilt-edged in regard to security, and the yield is high—not far short of 6½ per cent., if the profit on redemption is taken into account. Thus it is decidedly attractive. It should also appeal to the London investor's sense of duty, for the proceeds are needed mainly for housing purposes. The Loan can be bought in denominations of £50, and, from the point of view of the small investor, is a far more suitable holding than most of the Housing Bond issues. A good reception should be beyond doubt.

## NITRATE RESULTS AND THE OUTLOOK.

A dozen or so companies engaged in nitrate production in Chile have recently produced reports and accounts cover-

ing the year 1919. These results are mostly very poor reading—some of them simply deplorable. Largely for reasons of shipping and on account of the interregnum between the war demand for nitrate for explosives and the peace demand on behalf of agriculture, 1919 was a doleful year for the nitrate industry. With peace signed, with agricultural demand resuming, and with shipping becoming more available, it became obvious at the close of 1919 that the present year would be very much brighter than last. On these grounds I recommended the purchase of nitrate shares early this year (see THE NATION, January 10th, 1920). Share quotations rose substantially in the first two months of 1920, but fell back again with the collapse of the the stock market boom. Since then these shares have indulged in occasional spurts of recovery. How prices have moved is shown in the following table, which gives highest and lowest quotations for the first half of the year, and the closing price for the shares of a number of companies:—

Company.	Amount of Share Paid up.	Prices in Last Half of 1920.		
		Highest.	Lowest.	Latest Price.
Allanza ...	5	25	15½	21
Angela ...	1	2 11-16	1½	2½
Anglo-Chilian ...	5	19½	14½	15½
Lagunas ...	5	2 3-16	1½	1½
Lautaro ...	5	17½	9½	14½x
Liverpool ...	5/-	5½	3½	4½x
London ...	1	3½	2 5-16	2½
New Paccha ...	1	5½	2½	3½
Rosario ...	5	11½	6½	9½
Salas del Carmen ...	1	3 3-16	2½	2½
Santa Rita ...	1	1½	15-16	1½
Tarapaca & Tocopilla	10/-	1 23-32	¾	1½

The increase in demand shown in the recent highly satisfactory sales sent prices up during June. But there are some shares in the list in the case of which the good prospects of high profits in 1920 do not seem to have been yet fully discounted in the market. The list is, therefore, worth studying; but it would be well for investors intending to make purchases in this market to do so in consultation with a broker who is well posted in the movements in Chilean affairs.

## FIRST BANK DIVIDENDS.

The first Bank dividends have been announced and they all follow anticipations. The London Joint City & Midland pay 9 per cent., the National Provincial & Union 8 per cent., the London & Liverpool Bank of Commerce 4s. per share, the Provincial Bank of Ireland 6½ per cent., and the Lancashire & Yorkshire 16s. per share. All these declarations are at the same rate as last year. Two leading discount companies follow the same policy. It may be expected that the complete list of Bank dividends when available will show comparatively few deviations from the rates declared a year ago. For although the monetary conditions have, on the whole, been favorable for Bankers, yet substantial allowances for security depreciation will have to be made, and there has been a continual further rise in working costs. It is not, therefore, expected that Banks, generally speaking, will find that the past half-year has left them with profits on a scale sufficient to warrant any increase in dividend rates. The dividend season should, however, serve to call the investor's attention to the attraction of Bank shares. During the last few years much has been done towards popularizing Bank shares by splitting share capital up into shares of small denominations and reducing, or entirely removing, the callable liability. Many of the leading Banks now have shares of small denominations, within the reach of the very modest investor, without liability, and yielding from 6 per cent. to 6½ per cent. In view of the demonstrated power of the great Banks to weather any storm these securities are worthy of the careful attention of all classes of investors.

L. J. R.

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